

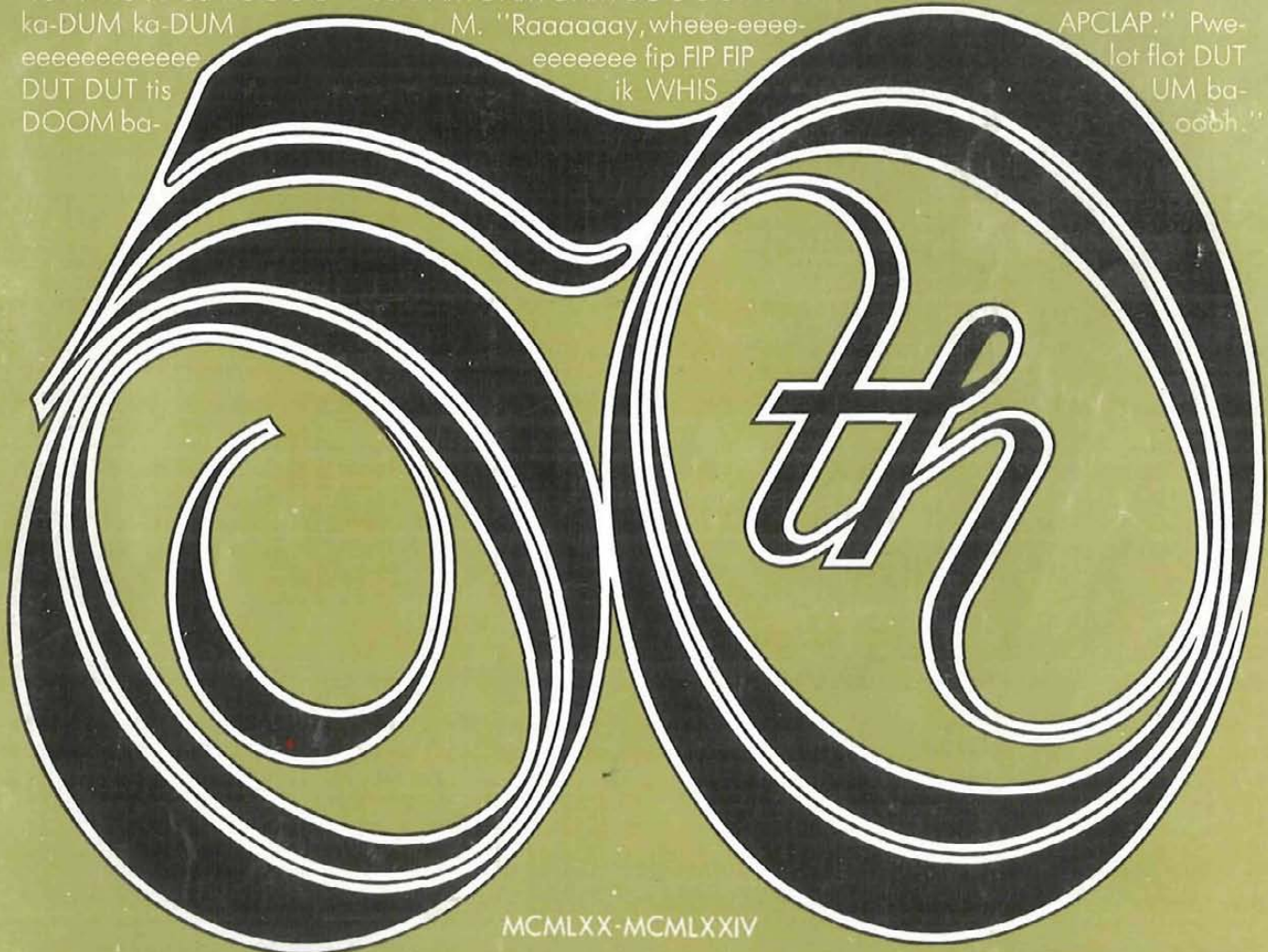
Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman • New Bulgemobiles
 Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II • Another True Western Romance • Rodrigues Redux
 Return of Foto Funnies • Dodosaurus Revisited • More National Anthems

NATIONAL LAMPOON

IND
 34490

MAY 1974 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 85 CENTS

Tha-WHUP pwhoooooooooshhhh POP pop-pop-pop-pop-poppity-poppity-POP-poppoppoppopba-
 DOOM!"Ooooooh!"Tha-bwup pwoooosh tha-bwup pwhooooooooooooosh oooooooooosh BAM bam-
 bam BAM BAM BAM KA-WHOOM ba-DOOM DOOM pop-pop-pop-POP-POP! "Aaaaaaaehhhh!"
 Tha-WHUP pwoooooooooosh DAM fa-DAM DAM BLOOOM pop-pop-pop-POP ka-FOOM flok flok flok
 flok flok flok flissh. "Oh, my!" Tha-WHUP bweeeeeee da-BOOMBOOMFLOOOM! "Yaaaaaaaay!
 clap-clap-clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP." Tha-WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP pwooooooooooooooosh
 oooooooooooooosh ooosh ooosh BLAM BLAM DAM DOOM DOOM DOOOM ka-FOOM kow-kow-KOW
 KOW KOW ba-ROOOOM ba-DAM DAM DAM BOOOOM! bak-bak-BAK BAK BAK bak bak bak bak
 ka-DUM ka-DUM M. "Raaaaaay, wheee-eeee- APCLAP." Pwe-
 eeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeee fip FIP FIP lot flot DUT
 DUT DUT tis ik WHIS UM ba-
 DOOM ba- oobh."



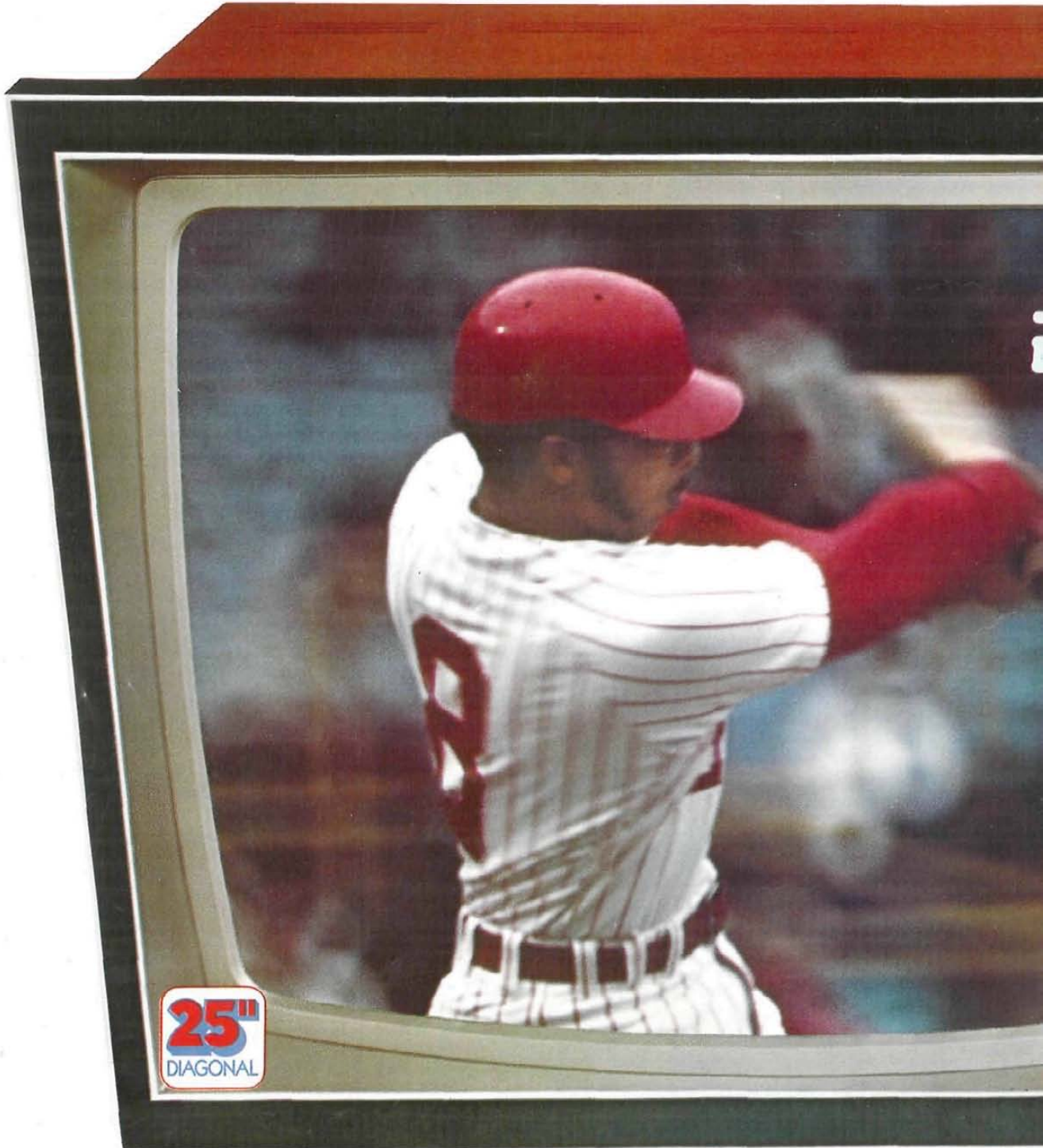
MCMLXX-MCMLXXIV

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

It's new! It's digital

Build it

Bell & Howell Schools introduces a new learn-at-home program in electronics that includes building a giant-screen color TV with these digital features

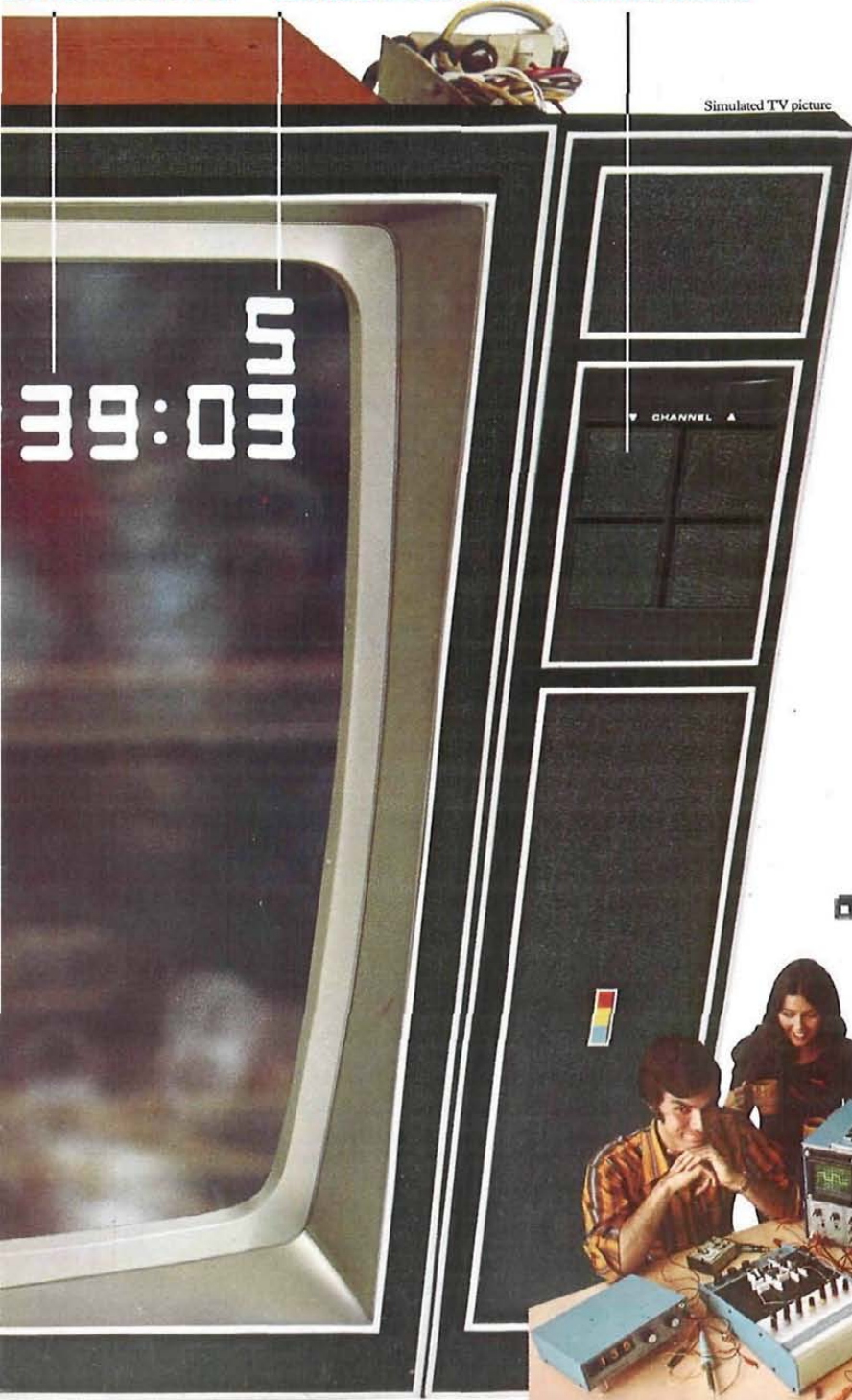


yourself!

Digital clock
that flashes on screen

Channel numbers
that flash on the screen

Automatic pre-set
channel selector



Simulated TV picture

Have fun doing it!

What a thrill to have an at-home educational program in which you actually build your own color TV! Especially a TV with features made possible by the new applications of digital electronics!

Like channel numbers that flash right on the screen! No more squinting to see which channel you're on or want to turn to.

An on-screen digital clock! Just a push of a button and your TV tells you the time of day!

An automatic channel selector that you preset to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

Plus... silent, all-electronic tuning, *state-of-the-art* integrated circuitry, Black Matrix picture tube and 100% solid-state chassis for a bright, sharp picture with long life and dependability.

You learn valuable skills in electronics through experiments and testing as you build this advanced-design color TV.

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Today's best recordings can reproduce music's full dynamic range, from the softest soft to the loudest loud. Most of today's popular low and moderate efficiency speaker systems can't. But BIC VENTURI speakers do.

A speaker's dynamic range depends mainly on its efficiency and power handling capacity. Low-efficiency speakers can't get started without a good deal of input power. And, they tend to get stifled when driven beyond their capability.

BIC VENTURI speakers are efficient! They need as little as one fifth the amplifier power of most air suspension systems for the same sound output. So, you can listen louder without pushing your amplifier to the point where it starts clipping the tops and bottoms of musical peaks.

Today's popular, low-efficiency speakers require about a 50-watt per channel amplifier to deliver lifelike sound levels. Even our Formula 2 will deliver that same sound level with only 25 watts of amplifier power; the Formula 4 with 20 watts and our Formula 6 with only 9 watts! With BIC VENTURI, your amplifier can loaf along with plenty of reserve "headroom" to reproduce musical peaks cleanly, effortlessly. It's as if your present amplifier suddenly became two to five times as powerful. BIC VENTURI can handle lots of power, too. A typical, low-efficiency system is rated for a maximum safe power input of about 50 watts. Feed it more power and you're likely to push it into distortion, or even self-destruction!

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With soft music (or when you turn down the volume) you want to hear it soft.

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 BIC VENTURI



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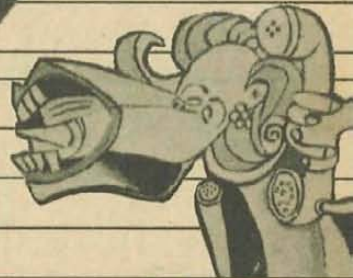
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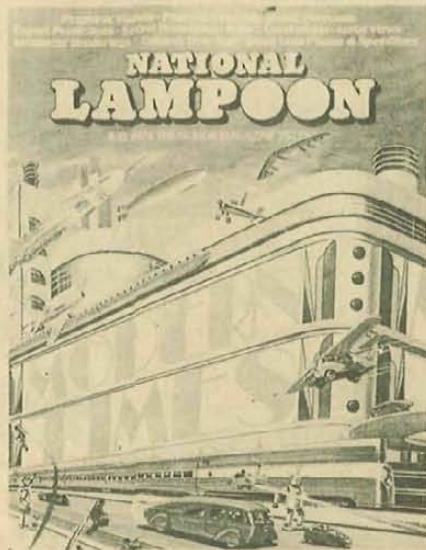


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NEWS ON THE MARCH

MAY, 1974

VOLUME 1, NO. 1

G.O.P. JUBILEE! 1923-24 Scandal Semi-Centennial 1973-74

Warren G. Harding



"In the great fulfillment we must have a citizenship less concerned about what the government can do for it and more anxious about what it can do for the nation."

Richard M. Nixon



"In our lives, let each of us ask not just what will government do for me, but what can I do for myself? In the challenges we face together, let each of us ask not just how can government help, but how can I help?"

It's a Grand Old Party, and You Aren't Invited!

"I'm a Yankee Boodle Bagman, Yankee Boodle do or lie."



Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty
Harding Campaign Manager
Indicted for conspiracy to defraud
the U.S.
"The convention will be decided by a
group of men who will sit down about
two o'clock in the morning around a
table in a smoke-filled room."



Attorney General John Mitchell
Nixon Campaign Manager
Indicted for conspiracy, obstruction
of justice, perjury, and lying.
"When the going gets tough, the
tough get going."
"It might be good if Mr. Magruder
had a fire."

In a number of speeches in which he has made reference to a totally mythical episode involving a position on executive privilege President Jefferson never took over a letter he never sent, President Nixon has displayed a wanton, even crazed, disregard for historical accuracy. Recently, in a surprise appearance at the Lincoln Memorial, he gave a short address in which he drew historical parallels of astonishing bogosity between his current difficulties and the problems suffered by President Lincoln during the Civil War. Unkind observers are quick to suggest that in these instances of historical inaccuracy, the President was attempting some clumsy but typical deception based on his characteristic assumption that the vast majority of Americans are high-grade morons. In fact, we have learned that President Nixon has come somehow to believe over the years, quite deeply and sincerely, in a somewhat different version of American history than the average citizen of the United States, and through the usual process of subterfuge, we have been able to obtain a brief digest of what he regards as the true chronology of events in the nation's annals.

1620	Pilgrims sign Mayflower Memo making "noble commitment" to settle in America				
1621	Pilgrims accept turkeys, corn from Indian Lobby, establishing precedent of political dealing				
1692	Witches placed on Enemies List in Salem				
1730	Franklin invents biased media				
1743	Washington chops down cherry tree, says famous words to father, "I cannot reveal that information," establishes principle of executive privilege				
1752	Washington catches silver dollar thrown across Delaware, establishes precedent of accepting cash campaign contributions				
1765	Patrick Henry makes immortal speech: "Give me liberty, or give me 1,000 pounds sterling"				
1773	Colonists dump tea in Boston Harbor to protest unfair British tax rules that prevent them from taking deductions for donations of personal papers				
1775	Battle of Lexington and Concord. News of shot leaked around the world				
1775	Battle of Bunker Hill. Famous cry: "Go ahead and shoot, and we'll say some sniper fired the first shot"				
1776	Nathan Hale, America's first plumber, caught and executed. His dying words: "This matter is impressed with a very high degree of national security"				
1777	British ask Washington to surrender. He refuses with famous words "I will not go down in history as the man who caused America to suffer the first defeat in her proud, one-year history"				
1777	Washington at Valley Forge; establishes principle of government financing of winter White House				
1778	Washington makes incursion across Delaware to attack British sanctuaries				
1779	John-Paul Jones expresses American fighting spirit in famous cry, "I have not yet begun to fight, and I am not a crook"				
1780	Washington calls Benedict Arnold "one of the finest public servants it has ever been my privilege to know"				
1781	British gain peace with honor, return of POWs, at Yorktown				
1787	Founding Fathers write Constitution, recognize need for domestic surveillance, farsightedly make no mention of tapping of telephones				
1796	In Farewell Address, Washington warns successors not to let U.S. become "a pitiful, helpless midget" or "a fifteenth-rate power"				
1800	Jefferson arranges Louisiana Pur-				
	chase, establishing principle of Presidential land deals	1804	Jefferson calls Aaron Burr "one of the finest public servants it has ever been my privilege to know"		
		1812	U.S. incursion into Canada to provide security for American troops in Louisiana. Phased withdrawal after destroying key logistics base in Ottawa		
		1814	British aggression against U.S. Washington, D.C., burned in deliberate terrorist act		
		1814	Francis Scott Key leaks news of "bombs bursting in air," but principle of secret bombing is established		
		1815	British gain peace with honor at New Orleans		
		1823	Monroe faces down foreign heads of state, establishes Doctrine, shows he has what it takes		
		1835	Eighteen-and-a-half-inch gap appears in Liberty Bell. No one blames the President		
		1836	Texans fight to death at Alamo to uphold principle of confidentiality		
		1836	Mexicans gain peace with honor		
		1861	Principle of secret bombing upheld at Ft. Sumpter		
		1863	Lincoln gives Gettysburg Address, admits to secret fund of "four score and seven thousand dollars," refers to wife's "good Republican silk ball gown," vows to stay in office		
		1864	Admiral Farragut utters immortal words, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, and not a word about this to anyone in Congress, get me?"		
		1864	Sherman carries out successful pacification program in Georgia		
		1865	Confederacy gains peace with honor at Appomatox. Grant takes Lee's sword, breaks it over his head, says "I'm not angry. One can only be angry at those he respects"		
		1865	Lincoln assassinated. His dying words: "At least they didn't cut the legs off the Presidency"		
		1868	Failure to impeach President Johnson ushers in new era of prosperity at home and peace abroad		
		1876	Custer gains peace with honor at Little Big Horn		
		1876	Alexander Graham Bell invents wiretap		
		1890	Indians gain peace with honor at Wounded Knee		
		1898	Spanish cut the legs off the <i>Maine</i> in Havana Harbor		
		1899	Spanish gain peace with honor		
		1914	Panama Canal opened. Confidentiality of the seas strengthened		
		1915	Germans make frantic, vicious, distorted attack on Lusitania. It sinks		
		1917	Wilson sends American troops to France to protect American troops		
				1918	Germany obtains peace with honor
				1919	Massachusetts Senator torpedoes League of Nations and destroys hopes for lasting peace
				1919	The Year of Europe
				1920	Another Year of Europe
				1921	One More Year of Europe
				1923	Harding first becomes unaware of Teapot Dome Affair
				1923	Harding becomes inoperative after eating poisoned fish. His dying words: "One year of Teapot Dome is enough"
				1929	Temporary slowdown in business activity due to seasonal factors
				1930	Short run increase in unemployment due to deflationary pressures
				1931	Brief period of readjustment due to investment laws
				1932	Moderate restriction in real growth due to cooling of overheated economy
				1933	Major depression due to Democratic mismanagement of economy
				1941	Japanese show knowledge of principle of secret bombing. Germany, Japan, and Italy placed on Enemies List
				1944	Patton wins war, makes famous battle cry, "Let's screw the bastards with a full field audit of their last five years of returns"
				1945	Truman reasserts principle of secret bombing at Hiroshima and Nagasaki
				1945	Germany, Japan, and Italy gain peace with honor
				1950	Alger Hiss revealed as not one of the finest public servants it has been a privilege to know
				1956	Checkers is shown as "one of the finest public dogs it has ever been my privilege to know"
				1960	First Presidential campaign ends in honor
				1962	Campaign for governorship of California ends in honor
				1963	Kennedy assassinated. Burger Commission conducts the most thorough and exhaustive inquiry until FBI investigation of Watergate
				1968	Robert Kennedy succumbs to good hard campaigning technique long recognized as a part of the American political tradition
				1968	Nixon elected. Greatest day since Moses was discovered in the bull-rushes
				1969	Men land on moon. Greatest day since invention of the wiretap
				1972	George Wallace succumbs to good hard campaigning technique long recognized as a part of the American political tradition
				1972	Nixon reelected. Greatest day since Christ walked on the water

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same night you meet them! • A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them! • A nude beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them! • A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

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• A series of excerpts from auto accident insurance claims filed by South African drivers was recently printed in a trade magazine published by an organization of South African accountants. Among the explanations offered by local drivers for accidents in which they were involved were:

"I consider neither vehicle was to blame, but if either was to blame it was the other one. The other car ran into mine without giving me any warning of its intention to do so."

"The other man altered his mind, so I had to run over him."

"A pedestrian hit me and went under the car."

"I thought the side window was down, but it was up . . . as I found when I put my head through it."

"I collided with a stationary bus coming the other way."

"Coming home I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree that I haven't got."

"My car had to turn sharper than necessary owing to an invisible truck."

"Sue suddenly saw me, lost her head, and we met sideways."

"One wheel went into the ditch, my feet jumped from the brake to the accelerator, leapt across the other side of the road and jumped into the trunk of a tree." *The Idaho Statesman* (T. Minet)

• Things went a little awry recently in the assault trial of Alfonso Maldonado Dalenciano in El Paso, Texas. When asked to identify his assailant, Isadore Wechter, the elderly robbery victim, pointed a finger at a surprised juror.

Mr. Dalenciano was standing next to his attorney on the far side of the courtroom.

It is not known whether charges against Mr. Dalenciano will be dismissed. *Corpus Christi Times* (M. Ramis)

• The last wishes of Sydney H. Sherwood, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight, have been complied with. His former secretary said that the ashes of the oil lamp manufacturer had been scattered on the floor of his factory in Birmingham, England, as requested in his will.

"He made the request," said Miss Agnes Maguire, who helped in the scattering, "because of his affection for the works, founded by his grandfather." *New York Times* (B. Barshesky)

• In addition to breakdowns in solar panels, gyroscopes, and other technological devices, the astronauts of Skylab 3 suffered from more mundane difficulties.

Astronaut William R. Pogue termed flatulence the most troubling personal hygiene problem. "We have to pass so much gas," complained Pogue. "I don't want to pass over the flatus problem lightly because I think passing gas about 500 times a day is not a good way to go. It's just not a nice thing."

"It offends people around you, and the only redeeming feature is that everybody else is passing the same amount of gas," continued Pogue. *Chicago Tribune*

• A self-employed repairman of mobile homes named Donald Wells has invented a solar-powered tombstone that can show movies and still pictures of the departed, along with appropriate organ music and any last words or eulogies selected by the deceased.

The device is activated by a remote control device carried by a visitor to the gravesite. The movies would be shown on a twelve-inch screen mounted next to the epitaph.

"You could also have pictures of Christ ascending to heaven or Christ on the cross, whatever you want," says Wells. "It adds a whole new dimension to going to the cemetery. When you go there now, what do you see? The name of your loved one on a stone and when they died, and that's all."

The "Eternal Monument" memorial device would be built out of bulletproof material and would cost \$5,000. Among Mr. Wells' other inventions are a six-in-one musical instrument and an improved windshield wiper. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (C. Gee)

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which non-existent items tend to have."

Mr. St. Clair went on to say that he wished that he were able to furnish some or all of the evidence in question to the Prosecutor and the courts, and to have the opportunity to eventually make it public, but the President's very clear position on the confidentiality of his office and the doctrine of executive privilege rule out any such action.

"Quite apart from the technical difficulties of handling illusory material," he continued, "and unresolved questions as to admissibility in court as well as the possibility of confusion in identifying specific imaginary items, labeling them, and so forth, and overcoming the pesky invisibility problem, there is the very real problem of the conflicting interpretations that can arise when you deal with insubstantial documents. In addition, we feel quite strongly that the Prosecutor and the courts should specify in subpoenas the individual imaginary materials they are seeking, and then we will turn over whatever corresponding pieces of evidence are not present in our files."

St. Clair emphasized that this was "a fair and generous arrangement" for all parties. "We feel that we have been very cooperative in this area," he insisted. "In the last few months, we have already provided the Prosecutor and the courts, without even being asked, a large amount of intangible evidence bearing directly on a number of key areas. And let me just say that I think it's quite unreasonable for them, as well as highly inaccurate, to have stated that we failed to give them material which did exist, when in fact we were giving them material which did not exist."

According to a high-ranking official who joined the State Department shortly after Henry Kissinger became Secretary of State, Kissinger was deeply embarrassed by the visible failure of his "Year of Europe" in the face of the utter absence of any spirit of European unity.

"Henry feels he bit off more than he could chew on that one," the official remarked recently. "In '74, we're going to scale things way down and take it step by step."

According to extremely reliable news sources close to the White House, Kissinger's present plans envision May as the Month of Belgium, the first two weeks in June as the Fortnight of France, a four day period at the end of June as the Long Weekend of Portugal, and so on. □

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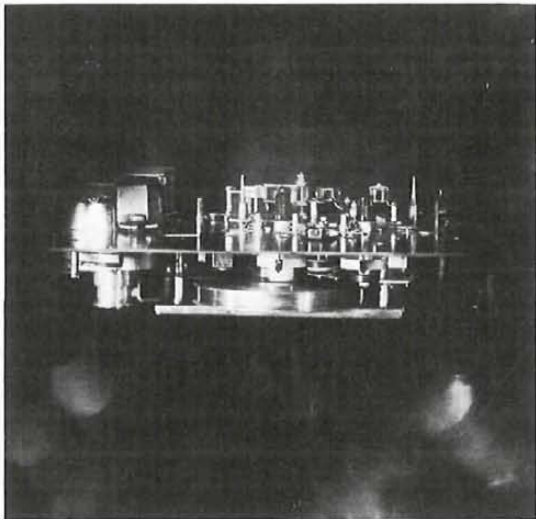
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If Beethoven were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

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The Master Tape

EDITORIAL PAGE



Close the door. Now lock it. Pull the blinds. Check for bugs, hidden cameras. Feds under the bed. Go on, do it! This is hush-hush deep-six-eyes-only stuff. If you can't read without moving your lips, pull something over your head. Jacket. Dress. Okay? Here it comes. Aw, screw it. It's no secret. Shout it out. Sooner or later the whole damn world's going to know, anyway.

The *NatLamp's* washed up. That's right. We're *finished*. Fresh out of ideas. Empty. Barren. Burned out.

And there's nothing left. Zip. Zilch. Zero. The square root of sweet fuck all.

It must have been going on for quite some time. Funny how things like that kinda creep up on you, and you try not to notice. Whistling in the dark, as it were. Until . . . well, until it's too late.

One by one, we'd been drying up. We used to kid about it, at first. "Jesus Christ," we'd say to each other over a cup of water during a break at the office, "I haven't come up with a joke for so long . . ." and then we'd trail off. Just like that. Because, you see, we couldn't come up with a witty expression, a felicitously turned phrase, or even a scatological metaphor.

At first, you lie to yourself. Just a dry spell, you say. A creative slump. It happens to the best of us. And you try to relax. And wait. But the jokes don't come.

I guess we all thought we could get away with it. We thought the guy in the next cubicle would come up with something. Maybe there would be something in the unsolicited manuscripts. An idea from a Buchwald or

Russell Baker column. And every once in a while a free-lancer would drop by and sell us a couple of clunkers to tide us over.

Now, the free-lancers don't come by anymore. The gag files are empty. And when the publisher came around and let us out on the last day of the month, we realized that we didn't have a single solitary idea among us.

Not a premise. Not a pun. Not even a dead baby joke.

It was quiet in the writers' quarters. No more the merry clink of manacles as fingers sped over the typewriter keys, as in the halcyon days of yore. No more the familiar thump of a head striking the ceiling as an idea hit an editor. No more the unbridled hysteria, the sound of teeth biting carpet and desk leg as one's own comic brilliance got the better of one. Just a melancholy, an ominous, a profoundly *unfunny* silence.

We tried everything, in our desperate search for inspiration. All the old tricks. Drink, smack, fasting, acupuncture. "KAKA!" we cried to one another. "POO POO!"

"Jesus jism!"

"Jim Croce!"

"Cheeseburgers!"

"Ron Zeigler!"

Nothing. Pathetic.

Management tried, too. To give them credit, they tried. Went to unprecedented lengths. Gave us colored

phones, encouraging words, shock therapy, our own chairs, Sundays off, mail room privileges, even salaries. It didn't work.

Where once cascades of coruscating wit and whimsy burst joyfully from the presses like sun-dappled rivulets of a rushing springtime mountain spring, now there were reams of blank and endless arsewipe.

How did it happen? Perhaps it was four years without sleep, the diet of fish sticks and freebee tequila. Perhaps our manager brought us along too fast. We coulda been champs. Instead of bums. Which is what we are, let's face it, Charlie.

Who knows how it happened. It did. Then, staring deadline in the face, someone had an idea. It cost him his life, poor devil—the strain was so great. No one remembers who he was. One more or less around here isn't noticed. We've got no time for glory. They just mail you to the morgue and clamp in your replacement.

But before he died, his eyes like shorted fuses, his mouth twisted in a horrible imitation of a smile, the unknown editor told us his idea.

"If you can't think of anything new," he croaked, "*do it all over again.*" He had not died in vain. Before he hit the floor, swollen fingers were pummeling the keys. The presses began their cold, demanding hum. And one last *National Lampoon* began its way into your hands, dear reader.

This issue is dedicated to him. □

T. H.
S. K.

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My Dearest Son Richard:

Don't eat muffins that seem to evidence foot tracks. Be considerate and thoughtful of persons of high station. Don't comment idly or act unduly impressed at seasonal changes. Cover your eyes and face in the sight of God. Walk with a brisk rhythmic pace swinging your right arm forward as your left leg extends and your left arm forward with your right leg. Never bathe with men who know Latin. If you should grow a boil, be neither ashamed nor proud. Shun the company of barrel makers and fletchers. Never place paper in your mouth. Only subtract numbers you feel comfortable with. Shift your weight if you witness yourself out of balance. Be evasive with Chinamen. Don't attempt to sing while lying down. Avoid intoxicants distilled from pitted fruits. Don't tie large copper pots to your legs or feet. Sleep twixt good stout sheets for those of satin are the Devil's putwillies. Know a man by the heft of his stallion and the cut of his hankie. Be slow to judge the motives of animals smaller than your ear. Count to yourself while you dance. Disdain from men who would scratch at their nether parts—for they are louts. Attend all this I have said to you and you will soon be a proper man. And don't forget to wish the *National Lampoon* a happy anniversary.

Lord Chesterfield
Dublin, Ireland

Dear Sir fella:

Big fella, him white fella, him come our land, New Guinea place, him say him great god fella, great flaming star, much fella light, him come into sky, him devil fella star, him cause death and sickness and much fella badness, but white fella, him say he much fella powerful, him save people from devil star him call "comet," but people must worship white god fella, virgins must lie with him. People do what god fella say, much fear devil star. People wait. People wait many fella day, no devil star. White god fella, him get much fella worry. Pretty soon, he show Zippo lighter, Timex wristwatch (self-winding fella). People see many Zippo lighter, much Timex wristwatch

(some with calendars). People no much fear Zippo devil or Timex devil. People eat white god fella. Much good. Big fella yum yum. Why white nut fella come New Guinea place with tale of devil star? Him dumb fella, you bet.

Chief Talayangsay
Port Moresby, New Guinea

Sirs:

I can imagine that you fellows might be a little surprised to be getting a letter from Me—being God and all—but frankly, I should think you'd be a little flattered that I've been a charter subscriber since your first issue. (But I didn't *really* get into it until you started featuring that one with the huge jugs!)

However, I have had the "devil" of a time getting My issues (you owe Me Nos. 26, 27, 29 and 37 to date) because of Me knows what kind of fuck up in your subscription department.

You sharpers probably figure that this letter is a hoax because you think all I have to do is use My X-ray vision or maybe turn an old copy of *Commonweal* into a new *National Lampoon*, but shit, with this energy crisis, even My stereo is so screwed up Joni Mitchell sounds like Tennessee Ernie Ford, and My Ernie Ford albums sound like mammoth farts. (You're lucky you weren't around before I had *them* recalled, man. Adam and Eve wouldn't step out of their tree house without gas masks.)

I'd send the Holy Ghost down to pick them up at your office, but the last trip He made He got sidetracked trying to hustle one of your secretaries into the Cocky-Locky Motel and she mistook Him for an oil-slicked seagull (He chews Mail Pouch, yuk) and Lysoled all the pixie dust off His wings. He had to thumb all the way to the airport, and wouldn't have gotten a ride even then if He hadn't hooked up with some Berkeley chick and hid in the bushes while she dropped her tie-dyes by the side of the road. Stone drag, right?

So cut the crap and send Me My back issues, or you're going to be really sorry. And I'm not kidding. You want pestilence? I got pestilence. Looking for something in a natural disaster? Floods, earthquakes, planetary collisions . . . you name it, I got a dozen in the freezer. So watch it.

Faithful Reader
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

Give the "vet" a break. It can be pretty lonely on the outside, and it's no picnic here, either. Read every comic book on the base. Really, I'm serious. Buick dealership, camp coun-

continued

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Splash on a little Frampton.

Peter's latest album contains some of the hardest rock & roll he's recorded. The sound is crisp and coherent; never heavy-handed. The overall effect is refreshing and that has become an extremely rare achievement.

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AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE

"... If your response to it is like ours, you'll be reluctant to turn it off and go to bed."

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"... I must say that I have never heard a speaker system in my own home which could surpass, or even equal, the BOSE 901 for overall 'realism' of sound."

Hirsch-Houk Laboratories
STEREO REVIEW

"The BOSE have replaced forever our bulky studio speakers with compact, handsome units. The only trouble is—our studio is beginning to look like a living room!"

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AUDIO

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**BOSE
901
SERIES II**

The Mountain, Framingham, MA. 01701

continued

selor, maybe you can help me cook up something with that new World Football League? Hell, teaching, even. Just something to get me started in civilian life. Babysitting?

Lt. William Calley
Ft. Benning, Ga.

Sirs:

Jesus was like a hippie, can you dig it? (Shit, piss.) Like dig, he had long hair and sandals and like you know it was like his raps were like he was stoned or something. (Crap, fuck, earwax.) And he was busted by the pigs, dig it? (Craps, joint, pussy.) Like in a lot of ways Jesus was like us, like. (Snot, blow job.) Except Jesus never won a Grammy.

Cheech and Chong
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Are you chaps calling me an asshole again? I was all set to marry this incredibly super girl and then right at the church door she called me an asshole and went off and married some twerp from Vegas. The only reason I can think of is that he brought her a copy of the *National Lampoon* and it said I was an asshole. The thing is, I was just fantastically in love with this girl and her leaving has almost broken my heart. We used to walk hand in hand through the moonlit streets of Shepherd's Bush, scarcely speaking, just dreaming, happy to be together, and sometimes she would let me brush my lips softly over hers and they were like the wings of a butterfly folded in sleep and she said she didn't mind about my scabs or the way I spit when I laugh. I was so happy. I haven't been that happy since I met the Pope. And then she found out I was an asshole and I've been crying ever since. So please, please could you stop calling me an asshole? I thought you were very decent last time after you broke Di-hann and me up by calling me an asshole all the time (I mean the way you stopped calling me an asshole, which was really really super of you), but with Karen it's more than even an asshole can bear. I know you have a perfect right to call me an asshole because I am an asshole and I always will be, but if I was to fall in love with some other fantastically super girl and she found out I was an asshole, I don't think I could go on living. So could you stop? Please. After all, as the hemorrhoid said to David Steinberg, even an asshole has feelings.

David Frost

Upwardly Mobile, Surrey, England

Sirs:

"Once upon a time and a very good

continued

People who are really serious about their records are the best ones to ask about turntables.

Most people who decide they want components turn to a friend who knows something about high fidelity equipment. If the friend is a reader of this magazine, that's good. And if the friend happens to be someone who reviews recordings, that's even better.

Record reviewers must select their equipment with great care, since they must listen with great care. To such things as the interpretation of the artist. To the recording and microphone techniques. And to the quality of the record surface itself.

All this is why the professional listeners select their turntables so carefully.

What most serious listeners know.

Professional listeners know that what they hear (or don't hear) often depends on the turntable.

After all, the turntable is the one component that actually handles records, spinning them on a platter and tracking their impressionable grooves with the unyielding hardness of a diamond. And the professional realizes that much depends on how well all this is done.

Which is why so many record reviewers listen to their records on a Dual. And why the readers of the leading music magazines buy more Duals than any other quality turntable.

They know that a record on a Dual will

rotate at precisely the right speed, to give precisely the right pitch. (If a record happens to be off pitch a Dual can compensate for it.)

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And they know that a Dual will perform smoothly, quietly, and reliably year after year after year. Despite all the precision built into a Dual, they know it's one turntable that doesn't have to be handled with undue concern. (Even if the tonearm is locked when play is started, or if the tonearm is restrained in mid-air while cycling no damage will result.)

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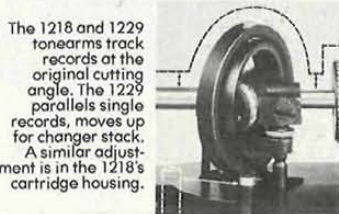
A few examples of Dual precision engineering are shown in the illustration. But if you would like to know what several independent test labs say about Dual we'll send you complete reprints of their reports. Plus a reprint of an article from a leading music magazine that tells you what to look for in record playing equipment.

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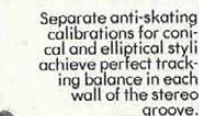
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continued

time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo."

How do you like it so far? It's going to be about a thirty-seven-year-old retard named tuckoo who runs into a cow on the way to Betty Byrne's. Oh, and by the way, will one of you please tell that stupid shit Nesbitt that the rights to lemon platt are mine?

J. Joyce
Dublin, Ireland

Sirs:

Euell Gibbons has Dutch elm disease! Pass it on!

The Beaver Sisters
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Hello, I'm Joan Crawford, with a message for you about the USO. I support the USO, and this true-life documentary from Germany shows why.

SOLDIER: Pardon me, ma'am, do you speak English?

WOMAN: Nein, nein, nein.

SOLDIER: Equals 27?

WOMAN: Nein.

SOLDIER: Nine plus 27? 36!

WOMAN: Nein neins.

SOLDIER: Multiplication, huh? Golly, this is exciting. Let's see. Nine nines are 81, plus 36 makes 117. How'm I doing?

WOMAN: Nein.

SOLDIER: Divided by? Hmm, one carry the two—13! This is so much fun!

WOMAN: Auf Wiedersehen.

SOLDIER: Thanks for the good time.

As you can see, the girls at USO keep our soldiers away from home mentally fit and emotionally stable. Won't you support the USO? Thanks ever so much.

Joan Crawford
c/o Pan Am Airways

Sirs:

You know those parts in movies where there's a guy and a pretty girl kissing and touching each other and things? I don't think that's acting.

I think they're really getting hot for each other and don't care who knows it. I know if I were a guy kissing Ursula Andress without a blouse on I wouldn't need any smart-ass director to yell, "Action!"

Warner Oland
The Emerald City, N.J.

Sirs:

Drink Coke in cans. It's the un-dildo.

F. Arbuckle
Hobe Sound, Fla.

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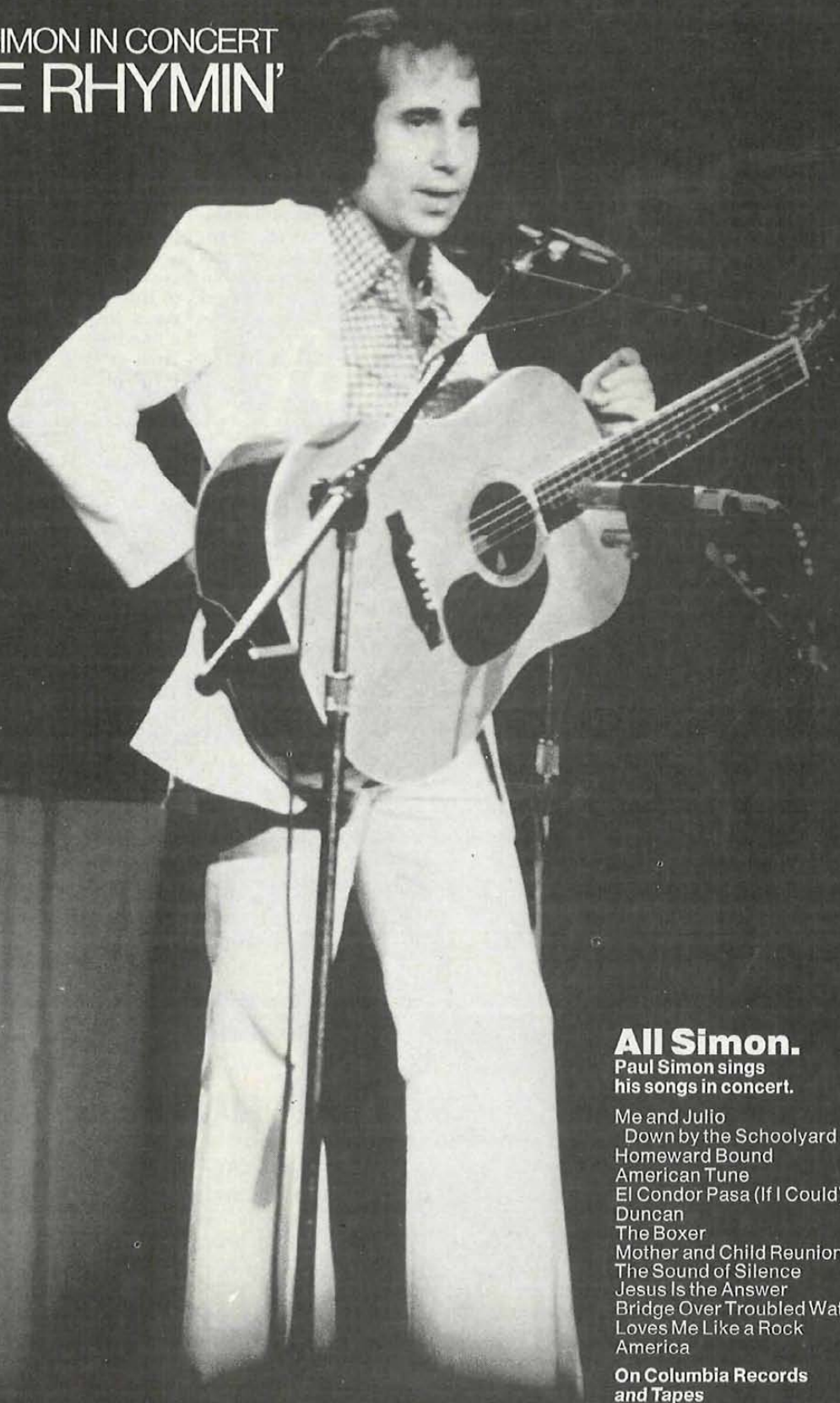
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**On Columbia Records
and Tapes**



Lights lost their luster, music lost its bounce, and the sleek clique bowed its head in grief this week when it learned that glamorous Mrs. Armand Offal, a Gotham trend-setter for decades, had been electrocuted by a malfunctioning health appliance. Mr. Chatterbox takes this opportunity to pay personal homage to a great lady. My readers will remember Mrs. Offal as the confident socialite who began the vogue for little children some time ago, but Mr. Chatterbox's memories go back so much further. I remember Mrs. Offal when she was Irma Screech, the pretty little manicurist at the Merovingian Hotel. And

I remember the day when tall, dark Armand Offal (whose father helped put the crimp in bottle caps), walked through the revolving doors of the Merovingian Masseuseric—and into Irma's life. Innocent Irma didn't know Armand—or that he was the third richest bachelor on Central Park South. "All I knew," she told me later, "was that he had the most beautiful set of nails I'd ever seen." The rest is history. A whirlwind courtship—a storybook wedding at the Universalist Church on West 75th—a sumptuous honeymoon in Sea Girt, New Jersey. All the world knew of Irma Offal's happiness. Yet in later years there was suffering, too. Only a handful of friends knew how deeply Irma grieved when her husband suffered his fatal portfolio attack some years ago. With typical fortitude, Mrs. Armand Offal assumed custody of her husband's frail little investments and did her best to nurse them back to health, but she was never, never, the same. . . . Yes, Mr. Chatterbox can say with true sincerity that we will all miss the bravery, the wit, and the beautifully groomed fingernails of glamorous Mrs. Armand Offal. . . . Porno on *Family Showcase*, Mr. Chatterbox couldn't like it less. . . . Nose removal gaining ground among young moderns. Mrs. Tony Drew-Duff wears a clever ivory keepsake box instead of her old proboscis. It's all part of the swing toward new and different bodily orifices, don't you think? Or don't you? . . . SPRING SLEDDING in questionable parks is the favored warm-weather pastime of Manhattan's *cercle sportif*. Breezy Brian McConachie and his lovely Anne sled on butter dishes, sink mops, and patent leather breakfast trays. . . . It's *toujours gai*, and, thanks to the useful friction produced when these unlikely objects come into contact with springtime mud, it's *not* really dangerous. . . . Marvelous Mary Mitchell and that underwear heir are *pfffffft*. . . . Liza Minelli birthing at Kant's Korner with popular warrior *Marshall Foch*. Marsh is deep into his book on that whole French-German thing that was so big a while ago. Marsh says it could happen again. Mr. Chatterbox says we'd be crazy not to listen to popular warrior *Marshall Foch*. . . . Henry Beard, top exec at N.Y.'s prestigious Trowbeard PR firm, having a terrible, heartbreaking spat with popular pace-setter *Karl the Creamer*. "He's nothing but a dumb little bit of chrome filled with a revolting milk-like additive," Henry says bitterly. Karl is *crushed*, trying to rally his spirits somewhere in the Maldives. . . . No one is more serious about poker than P. J. O'Rourke. P.J. sees

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CAT STEVENS'
BUDDHA AND THE
CHOCOLATE BOX



**THE NEW
CAT STEVENS
ALBUM IS
“BUDDHA AND THE
CHOCOLATE BOX”
ON A&M RECORDS**

LICENSED BY ISLAND RECORDS, LTD

Produced by Paul Samwell-Smith and Cat Stevens
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ANOTHER
TRU

Western Romance

by
M-K BROWN

STARRING
LOLLY & BILLY
BARNES

PLUS
THE BARROWS FAMILY
(CECIL & MAY
& BABY
AMANDO)



PART TWO



In **Part I** LOLLY BARROWS (ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF CECIL & MAY) **MARRIED** YOUNG BILLY BARNES, FORMER SCOUT. A WEEK BEFORE THE WEDDING BILLY WAS **CAPTURED** BY INDIANS AND PRESUMED DEAD. LUCKILY, HE WAS RETURNED **UNHARMED** AND THE **WEDDING** TOOK PLACE AS PLANNED. THE HAPPY COUPLE SETTLED DOWN NEAR CECIL AND MAY. **BABY AMANDO** WENT AWAY TO SCHOOL. **EACH** DAY, WITH LOLLY'S STEP-DAD CECIL AT HIS SIDE, ADVISING, CAJOLING,, **BILLY** CLEARED THE **LAND**.

continued

FOR LOLLY THE DAYS PASS BY IN SUCCESSION, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, WITH FREQUENT VISITS FROM STEP-MOTHER MAY, WHO HAS LITTLE TO DO NOW THAT BABY AMANDO HAS GONE AWAY TO SCHOOL.



HOO HOO! GOOD MORNING, LOLLY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? FEEDING THE TURKEYS?

YES, MAMA

SOMETIMES LOLLY, TOO, SEEMS LOST IN THOUGHT.....

YES, MAMA

YES, MAMA

GEE I DONT FEEL LIKE MY OLD SELF ANYMORE. MAYBE I SHOULD SEE DOC OLSON



ARE YOU STUFFING A TURKEY?

VAT ISS DIS HA COOKIE?



I DONT KNOW, MAMA

WHY ARE YOU DOING THAT, DEAR? WHY ARE YOU CUTTING THE CURTAIN, LOLLY?



WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE KNITTING LOLLY?

JUST A LITTLE JACKET MAMA

'JUST A LITTLE JACKET'? BUT... WHY AM I DOING THAT?! COULD IT BE... THAT I'M... I'M... BUT...

NOW, FOUR YEARS LATER, THE BARREN WASTES BEGIN TO SHOW A PROFIT. SOMETIMES IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS, HOWEVER, BILLY THINKS....

IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST!... HOW DID IT HAPPEN SO FAST? HOW DID I GET HERE?

SEEMS LIKE JUST LAST WEEK I WAS OUT ROAMING THE RANGE... FREE AS A BIRD

MMMMMM
MMOOAHH

JUST A COWPOKE...
NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD
NO RESPONSIBILITIES
I WAS JUST A KID

AND NOW
I'M A FARMER
WITH A WIFE...
AND A FARM...

NOT THAT I WANT TO CHANGE ANYTHING,
OR MAYBE JUST A FEW THINGS,
ITS JUST THAT... AW HECK...
I DONT KNOW...

EASY GIRL

ANYWAY, IT WASN'T ALL THAT FUN BEING SINGLE - AND GETTING ROUGHED UP BY INDIANS ALMOST EVERY WEEKEND.

continued

LATER THAT DAY OR SOME OTHER DAY!

BILLY! BILLY!
GET DR. OLSON!
FAST!
IT'S LOLLY!

HUH?



Soon

BY JINGO, SHE'S
PREGNANT ALL RIGHT
MR. BARVES.
I'M SURE OF IT!

WE'VE NOTIME
TO WASTE! GET
SOME HOT TODDIES
AND PLENTY
OF 'EM.

BUT..



LATER

WELL? WHAT
DID I TELL YOU?

TRIPLETS!

BUT



TRIPLETS

WAA
WAA
WAA

WHAT
NEXT



Hey!

HIYAAAAHHH
HIYA
HIYA

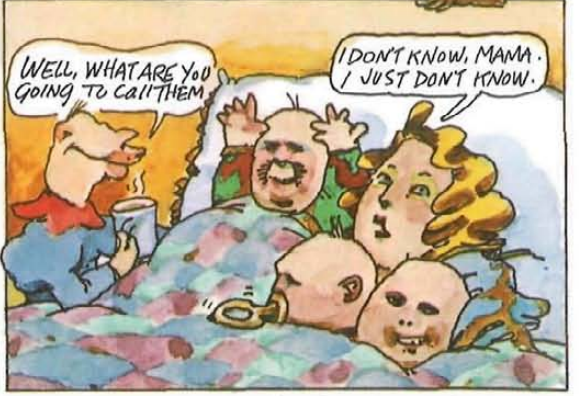


HELP



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO CALL THEM?

I DON'T KNOW, MAMA.
I JUST DON'T KNOW.



Produced by James William Guercio



Much more Chicago.

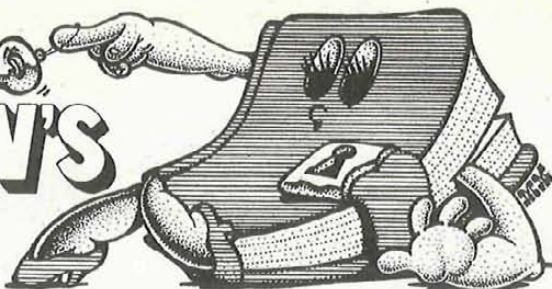


Chicago VII. A new 2-record set
On Columbia Records and Tapes

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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

The sky is grey here in Baltimore. The birds peck disconsolately at the bare, brown winter earth. The nursery is silent save for Spiggy's intermittent tapping as it echoes through empty rooms. My pedal pushers don't fit any more. Darn those Big Macs. What a day. Yuk.

It's true, dear Diary, the ex-auxiliary First Housewife of the land has a bad case of the Monday morning blues, driving me once again to drink deep of your kind companionship.

You may well wonder, too, why I am disguising your comforting pages in this worn and tattered *Love Machine* cover. Well, ever since that horrible Mr. Jewartsy tried to subpoena you to find corrugations of that disgusting Mr. Dean's testimony (a pack of fibs, I'm sure) about Dick giving Mr. Vespa the Bonomo Canal in exchange for those little Guacamolian girls I've had to brown bag my innermost thoughts, particularly the ones about what Dick did with those poor little

Oops. There I go again running off at the nib about matters better left unBic'd. And speaking of such matters, his nibs has been scratching and typing away like a bandit ever since Mr. Hefner dropped by with the cash advance for Spiggy's new novel (which came not a minute too soon, let me tell you. When a family runs into straightened circumstances you sure find out who your friends are, and the Safeway, Dart Drug, Korvettes, and the Pay-Now Collection Agency better not expect any Christmas cards from you-know-who.)

When "the Hef" came by last Thursday to see how the magnavox edipus was coming along, I'm afraid Spiggy was somewhat "out of it" as Kim used to say before she stopped talking again. (If I've told her once I've told her twice to lay off those funny M & M's with all the LSMF'T in them . . . spoil her appetite and her marks something awful.) When Mr. Hefner arrived, Spiggy was still in the funny white jacket with the longish arms to keep him from streaking through the Library of Congress again ("Men are just great big boys." Mrs. J.A., Baltimore, Md.) but I'm

sure that once Dr. Meyers takes him off the Seconals he'll be his old irascible self again in afro-negro time. (There goes another "tap." I promised Spiggy that if he finished the sentence he started yesterday by lunch there'd be Pop-Tarts for dessert—which is how he gets Dr. Meyer's medication, just between you, me, and the compost.)

Spiggy, nevertheless, has weathered this Watergate mess a lot better than certain Chief Executives I could mention who a little bird named Martha told me has to have silicon injections just to keep his jowls from collapsing under the strain before she went awk and the phone went click and the line went dead. Dick's head looks so much like a wrinkled leftover baked Mr. Potato Head that it makes me positively noxious just to watch his darn-it-to-hell press conferences on the teevee if you'll pardon my French. (Miss Tillinghast never did, but those B-plusses in Home Ec kept me on the Honor Roll a lot longer than certain wrinkled-up potato-faced Presidents I could mention kept a certain family in Pop-Tarts.)

The book, Mr. Hefner said when he read the first chapter, is going to be a real trussbuster, although the only mention Spiggy has made of that dried-up old fig Mrs. Longworth's father that I recall is about how a certain "Mrs. Jacqueline Molasses" and a certain "Mrs. Thelma Patricia Potato Head" get caught in a compromising position (over a leather chair, as I recall) with certain Guacamolians and some bull meese.

I hope *Ladies Home Journal* doesn't print that particular passage, and of course any resemblance to real or actual persons living or giving you that impression is purely accidental-on-purpose, if you catch my drifting. (Mr. Serling from the now defunct Famous Writers' School always took points off for digressions, but since Spiggy's unmentionable difficulties they sent them all back in a nice note along with another reminder about my back tuition.)

Anyway, when Mr. Hefner and that little chippy Barbie Whatshername arrived at the door with half

of her bosoms hanging out (the other half were in Hef's hands), I wheeled Spiggy in and we sat down for a nice chat and a Pepsi. (Mr. Hefner had a case delivered before he arrived so he could wash down the little pep-me-up M & M's he gobbles like bridge mix.) He said it was to steady his nerves, but after every handful he kept chugging the Pepsis without taking the caps off first. Crunch crunch crunch until I had a splitting micrin headache and Spiggy woke up . . . which was too bad because one look at B.B.'s TTs and Dr. Meyers had to come and put Spiggy back in his funny white windbreaker. Anyway, what does that puffy little pap-tart have that I don't, in spades?)

Also, Spiggy's literary agent at the Phillip Morris Agency—a wonderful little man named Jacobs who I think still accidentally has a number of my teaspoons and one of my silver egg-cups is missing too—says it's going to be another *Seven Days in May* or even longer before we get our 10 percent of the movie rights.

All joking aside, which is what that was mostly (Print Hint #4: "A little laughter leavens the leanest prose." R. Serling), Spiggy is still debating what to title his novel. So far he's come up with *Man in the Middle*, *The Spig Picture*, *Plumbers' Helpers*, *Drums Along the Potomac*, *The Making of a World Football League* (that was Mr. Sinatra's), and *I, a Veep*. I personally favor *Nix on Agnewnasties*, although nobody else does.

And speaking of spig deals, my worse half and Frankie have been meeting at the Cocky-Locky Motel regularly to discuss possible little jobs for Mr. A. when the book is finally finished—which will be around 2009 if he doesn't start taking his Pop-Tarts straight pretty soon. (I just heard two taps one right after the other! Unfortunately that usually means he's just hit them both by accident . . . I'll go in and help him unjam his thumb if he doesn't wake up by the time the typewriter makes its little ding.) Spiggy was using an electrical but after a couple of mickey finnicky Pop-Tarts he's liable to get his tie caught in the roller again and type something like "The vice (*sic*) President gripped the little Guacamolian girl in his vicelike (*sick*) grip as she inflamed his nose and ears with fiery French necking" and if I hadn't caught him in time Spiggy would have pornografted his Adam's apple right to the ribbon. It's going to be a real potbroiler, mark my laundry.

Except for Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Hefner, however, those fairweather kaffeklatchers have flown the ship and

AKAI's 4-Channel Challenge

We challenge any other manufacturer in the world to surpass the performance of AKAI's new 4-channel component combination. You can pay more. But you can't buy better.

Here they are.

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Unequaled reproduction quality is yours with AKAI's new GX-280D-SS. It's a fully discrete 4-channel tape deck that's also 2-channel compatible. The utilization of 4 individual heads—including AKAI's exclusive GX glass and crystal heads (dust free and virtually wear free)—and 3 superbly engineered and balanced motors make this unit the professional 4-channel tape deck for recording and playback.

Together, these units are AKAI's unbeatable 4-channel challenge—providing professional 4-channel capabilities that no other equipment combination can match.

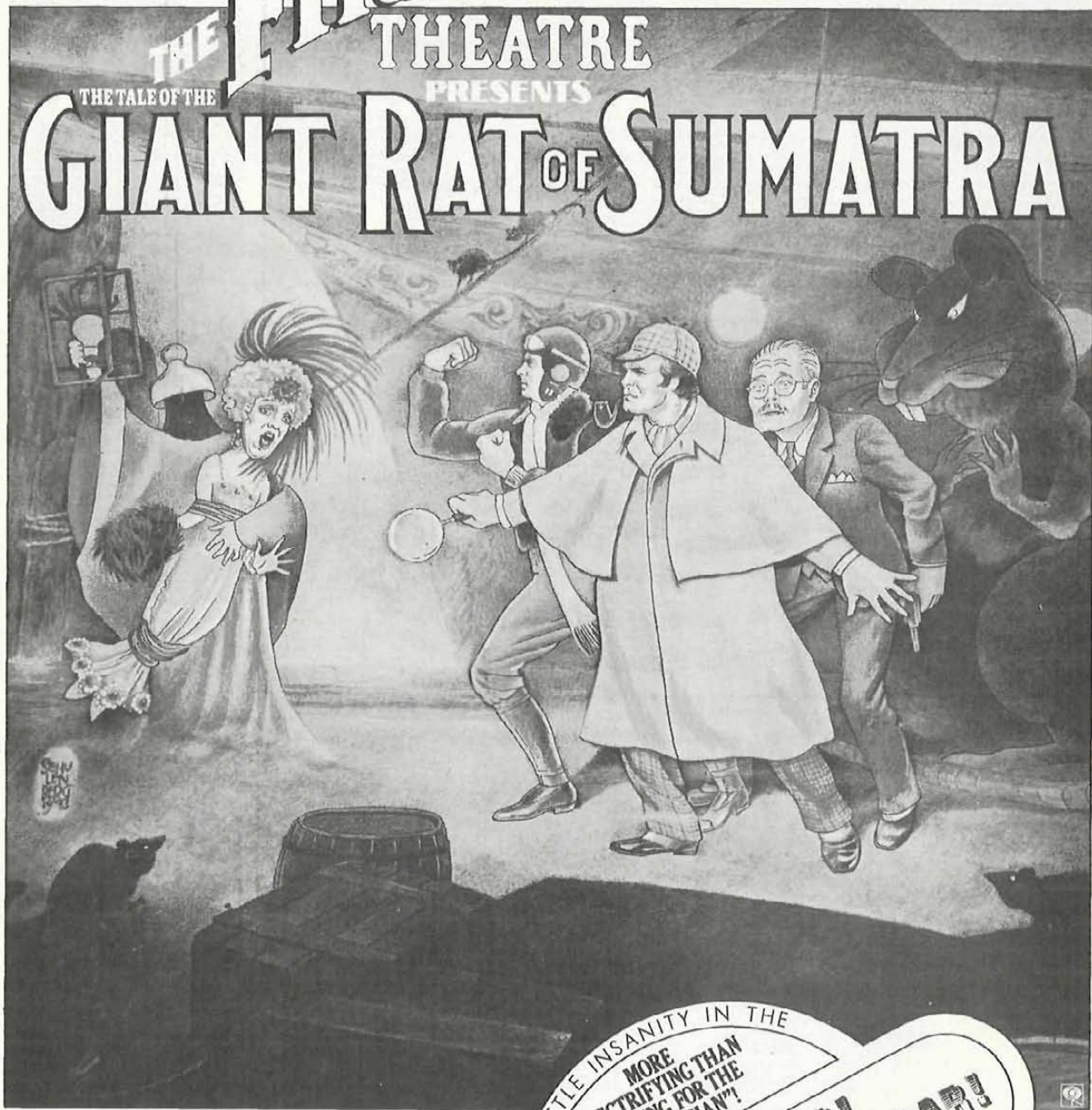
Both the AS-980 receiver and the GX-280D-SS tape deck are available at your nearest AKAI Dealer ... Whenever you're ready to make that ultimate step up. That's AKAI's 4-channel challenge.



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THE FIRESIGN THEATRE PRESENTS THE TALE OF THE GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA



A LITTLE INSANITY IN THE
MORE
ELECTRIFYING THAN
"WAITING FOR THE
ELECTRICIAN"!

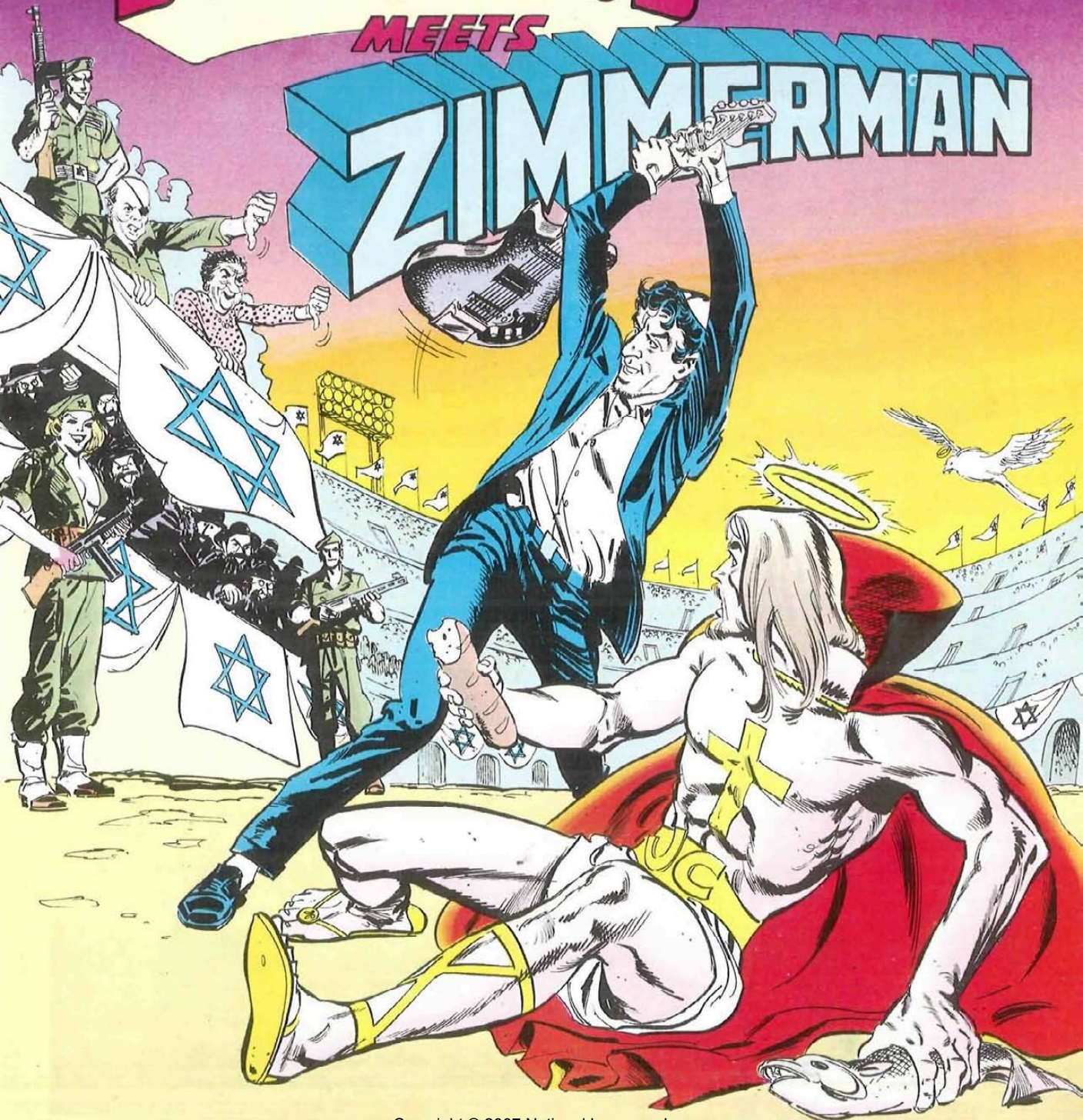
MORE THRILLS!
MORE CHILLS! MORE SUGAR!
On Columbia Records and Tapes

MORE DANGER THAN
"NICK DANGER"!
MIDST OF ALL THE INANITY.

SON-O'-GOD

MEETS

ZIMMERMANN



132,000 PC. ROMAN CATHOLICS

Fight again the Albigenian Crusade—Catholic against Christian! Mount your own brave defense of Beziers, where, on July 22, 1209, TWENTY THOUSAND men, women, and children, innocent Cathar "heretics"—the first Protestants—were raped, slaughtered, and burned!



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HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

- 12 Bishops—Fully armed and mounted
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RUSH COUPON TODAY

Gentlemen: Here's my \$1.98. Rush my ROMAN CATHOLICS set to me. If not convinced of the perfidy of the RC Church by this atrocity, I must be mad and/or a Dominican.

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 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



WHILE LEADING HIS DEVOTED DOZEN THROUGH THE DESERT, SON-O'-GOD HAS ONCE MORE DIED THE DEATH. NOW HIS BEATIFIC BODY IS BROUGHT UNTO THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM FOR THE APPOINTED TIME ...

WHEN SUPERSTARS COLLIDE!

SOON, THE SACRED STIFF IS SAFELY STAGED IN THE SECRET ZIONIST WAR MUSEUM ...

DOESN'T IT LOOK NICE UP THERE, GOLDA? WE HUNG IT BETWEEN THE LIGHTER THAT SET FIRE TO THE REICH-STAG...



...AND THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE PROTOCOLS.

NICE IT LOOKS, MOISHE, BUT IF THIS GETS OUT WE HAVE ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND YEARS BAD PRESS.



MEANWHILE, IN A BACK ROOM OF THE MUSEUM ...

THE ONLY PEOPLE I SEEN AROUND HERE WHO LOOK JEWISH ARE THE ARABS!



ISRAEL, SHMIZRAEL! GIMME BROOKLYN ANYTIME!



COULD I USE A FRESS, OR EVEN A NOSH!

I COULD EAT A HORSE AWREADY!

A JEWISH STATE THEY CALL THIS. I COULDN'T FIND A DELI ANYWHERE! IS HORSE KOSHER?

NOT EVEN A HEBREW NATIONAL?

IT LOOKED LIKE ICE CREAM. IT WAS FROZEN YOGURT! YEFCH!

WHAT WAS THAT GOOEY STUFF YOU TRIED TO EAT?

I BET YOU FEEL AWFUL!

IN MY POCKET I HAD ONE PACKAGE MRS. KRAVITZ INSTANT CHICKEN SOUP-IN-A-CUP MIX!

GIMME SOME, I WON'T TELL THE OTHERS!

WHO WAS LITTLE HUGH OF LINCOLN? THEY GOT HIS BONES HERE!

DISRAELI'S LO-U. TO ROTHSCHILD

LET SELLER'S BABY TYPON



THE DIVINE AROMA OF LUKSHUN SOUP ONCE AGAIN INSPIRES THE WON'DROUS MIRACLE! SON-O-GOD IS RESURRECTED-- IN THE PERSON OF FLATBUSH SHMENDRICK, BENNIE DAVID.

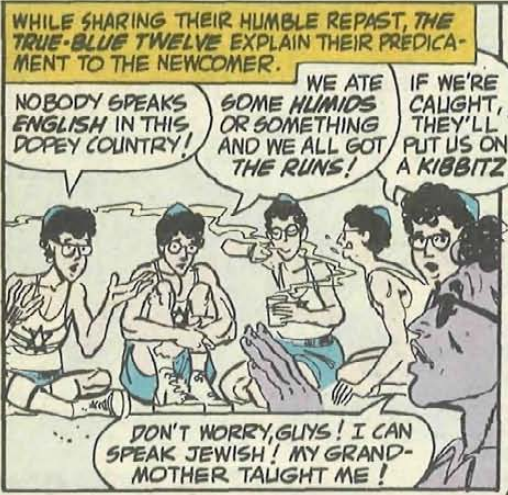
M-M-M GOOD! M-M-M GOOD! THAT'S WHAT...



FIRST DIBS ON THE CHICKEN SOUP!

BENNIE! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

DON'T LET HIM HAVE THE SPOONFUL WITH THE PIECE OF CHICKEN!



WHILE SHARING THEIR HUMBLE REPAST, THE TRUE-BLUE TWELVE EXPLAIN THEIR PREDICAMENT TO THE NEWCOMER.

NOBODY SPEAKS ENGLISH IN THIS DOPEY COUNTRY!

WE ATE SOME HUMIDS OR SOMETHING AND WE ALL GOT THE RUNS!

IF WE'RE CAUGHT, THEY'LL PUT US ON A KIBBITZ!

DON'T WORRY, GLYS! I CAN SPEAK JEWISH! MY GRAND-MOTHER TAUGHT ME!



AND SO IT COMES TO PASS THAT BENNIE, SON-O-GOD'S DOUGHTY ALTER-EGO, SETS FORTH TO ASK DIRECTIONS OUT OF THE PROMISED LAND...

GEVAULT! VOT A TSHIMMES, BUBELEH, NLI? TUCHES?... SCHMATÄ?... PUTZ ?...

יבן על שירמותה



STUNNED BY THIS UN-CLOUTH OUTBURST, BENNIE INVOKES THE HOLY NAME, WITH THE RITUAL OMNIPOTENT RESULT.

THAT'S JEWISH?



A WOP-BOP.

A LOO-OP!

B

BEING THE ROBED REDEEMER AT THE VERY GATES OF THE HOLY CITY, THE BENIGHTED HEBREWS REJOICE! THEIR AGE-OLD POLICY OF EXILE AND EXCLUSIVITY HAS FINALLY MATURED... THEIR CENTURIES OF SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM OF SALVATION HAVE FINALLY PAID OFF... THE MESSIAH IS COME! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 4000 YEARS, THE WARMTH OF SELFLESS CHARITY COURSES THROUGH THEIR VEINS-- WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED!

CANCEL ALL MY DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE!

CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE VILLAGE VOICE!

HOSANNAH! MY SCHNOZ SHRUNK!

I CAN GET FOR YOU AT RETAIL OR SLIGHTLY ABOVE!



LO I AM COME AMONG MY OWN, AND MY OWN HAVE GONE BANANAS!

NO MORE USURY!

I LOVE YOU AS A BROTHER!

WE'RE ALL SEMITES BENEATH THE SKIN!

THE HAIR ON MY SHOULDERS FELL OUT!

ARCHBISHOP OF JERUSALEM, ARCHBISHOP OF SINAI, ARCHBISHOP OF GOLAN...

I KNOW THIS TERRIFIC DOCTOR IN TEL AVIV. HE CAN GRAFT BACK YOUR FORESKIN.

PALESTINE FOR THE PALESTINIANS!

WITHDRAW TO THE '47 BORDERS!

NOW I CAN HAVE A HOUSE OF GOOD STONE!

ALLAH-LUJA!!



MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY AIRPORT, A CERTAIN ROCK TOUR IS COMING TO A LONG AWAITED END...

...EVERYBODY?

FOR I SAY UNTO YOU, IF MY HEAVENLY FATHER HAD WANTED YOU CIRCUMCISED, YE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN CIRCUMCISED. A NOSE JOB, THOUGH, COULDN'T HURT...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR **ZIMMERMAN!**



HEY, EVERYBODY, DYLAN'S HERE!

AND I'VE BROUGHT IT ALL BACK HOME! THAT BIG DONATION! REMEMBER? HEY...



HOLY HARMONICA HOLDERS! IF THESE ISRAELI ASSHOLES GO GOYISH, THEY'LL GIVE BACK PALESTINE, EVERYTHING GETS RETURNED THAT WAS OWED, MY CONSCIENCE EXPLODES, AND THERE GO MY OIL RIGHTS...



LEVON!
FETCH ME DOWN MY **MOTORPSYCHO**



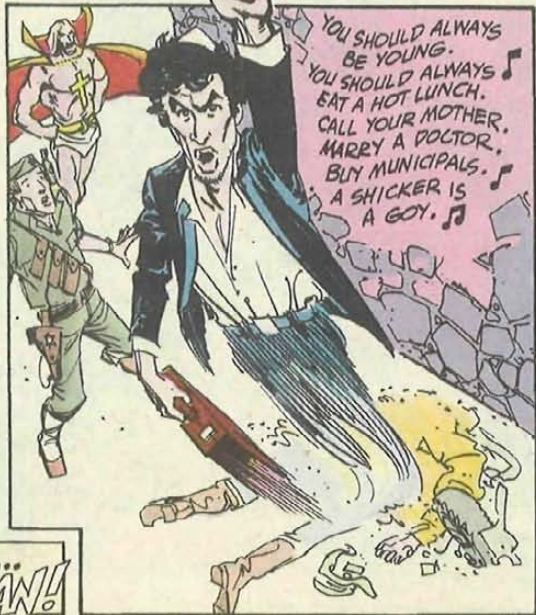
THEY'RE IMPRESSED BY RESURRECTIONS? I'LL SHOW 'EM A RESURRECTION!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA, I'M ONLY SPEEDING!



WHAT CAN AN ORDINARY LITTLE AMERICAN FOLK ROCK SINGER DO TO PREVENT THE LONG PROPHESED CONVERSION OF THE JEWS?

IS DYLAN DEAD? AT COLUMBIA RECORDS, EXECUTIVES HOLD THEIR BREATH AND CROSS THEIR FINGERS... BUT LO!
OUT OF THE WRECKAGE ARISES THE ETERNAL SPIRIT OF GRASS CHUTZPAH, HEIR APPARENT TO GEORGE E. JESSEL, MISTER COMMERCIAL KITSCH HIMSELF...
ZIMMERMAN!



YOU SHOULD ALWAYS BE YOUNG. YOU SHOULD ALWAYS EAT A HOT LUNCH. CALL YOUR MOTHER. MARRY A DOCTOR. BUY MUNICIPALS. A SHICKER IS A GOY.

I SHALL NOT LEAVE ROLLING STONE UPON ROLLING STONE!...

YOUR MADONNA WAS A SCHICKSA!



IS THIS THE END OF THE JUDEO-CHRISTIAN TRADITION? THE RADICAL-LIBERAL TRADITION? THE ATHEIST-HUMANIST TRADITION? THE POPULAR-CULTURE TRADITION? IS IT, IN FACT, THE END OF CONTRADICTIONS IN TERMS ALTOGETHER? DON'T MISS OUR NEXT SIBYLINE ISH!



get it all...like it is!

Ever hear a *sitar*? Combined with a *tabla* (hand drums) and a *tamboura* (being played by the little lady in the background), it produces music that's weirdly wild and wonderful, loaded with beautiful and exciting harmonics and overtones. It's a real recording challenge to capture all the excitement, unless you're using one of TDK's new total-performance Dynamic-series cassettes.

These are the cassettes that have it all! The highest MOL (maximum output level). The broadest dynamic

range. The greatest sensitivity. The highest signal-to-noise ratio. In fact, the best-balanced performance characteristics of any cassette you can buy today! So you can get it all... *like it is*...and keep it forever. *All the highs and lows, all the emotion and feeling of complex "real-life" sound that gave the original session its richness, fullness and warmth.*

Look for the "total performers" at quality sound shops everywhere. TDK Extra Dynamic (ED) offer the discriminating audiophile an entirely

new dimension in recording fidelity. Super Dynamic (SD), the tape that turned the cassette into a true high-fidelity medium, still has better-balanced total performance characteristics than any other brand made. And Dynamic (D) is an entirely new hi-fi cassette that provides budget-minded recordists with excellent quality at moderate prices.

For sound you *feel* as well as hear, discover the dynamic new world of TDK!



TDK's EXTRA DYNAMIC (ED), SUPER DYNAMIC (SD) and DYNAMIC (D) cassettes are available in 45, 60, 90, 120 (SD & D) and even 180-minute (D only) lengths at quality sound shops and other fine stores.

the new dynamic world of

TDK

TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.
755 Eastgate Boulevard, Garden City, New York 11530



Cock Tales

by Chris Miller

I

The telephone rang, loud as a fire alarm. To Bernie Boom-Boom, snoozing stoned on the sofa, his mind drifting off through Middle Earth somewhere, the sound was like twin jets of ice water shot in his ears.

"Okay, fuck you, I'm coming!" Bernie called to the phone. He shook his head to clear it, which was the approximate equivalent of shaking a jar of muddy water in order to see better through it, and stood up. On its fourth ring, Bernie reached the phone and put his hand on the receiver. Then he paused. There were a number of persons, mostly individuals to whom he owed money, with whom it would make little sense to speak. On the other hand, his caller just might be someone who owed *him* money, or, better yet, one of his girl friends wanting to come over and sit on his face. What to do, what to do. As the phone initiated its seventh ring, Bernie lifted the receiver and said hello.

"Hello, is this Mr. Boom-Boom?" Well, the voice was female and very sexy. Surprise!

"Why, yes, this is Mr. Boom-Boom," said Bernie, wagging his eyebrows roguishly. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, this is Miss Morgan, Mr. Boom-Boom. From the telephone company?"

Bernie's rakish smile inverted. Shit.

"Uh, I suppose this is about my bill?" Among his many creditors, the telephone company had been the most predatory. For the last month, a certain Mr. DeReimer had been calling him every other day, first asking, then importuning, finally demanding that his bill be paid. Of late, a strange paranoia-inducing tone had entered the man's voice and Bernie had sensed veiled threats. Well, at least a woman's voice would be an improvement.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is about your bill. I hate to harass you in your home, Mr. Boom-Boom, but it's my job to remind you. You're four months overdue, you know."

"I know, I know," said Bernie. "You people never let me forget for long. What happened to Mr. DeReimer, by the way?"

"Oh, he's been transferred to Cor-

porate Accounts. I think the company decided he was a little . . . strident, and that they could catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar." She paused. "Uh, I hope you don't take that to mean I think of you as a fly, Mr. Boom-Boom."

Bernie laughed. He kind of liked this Miss Morgan. Maybe he could bullshit her. "No, I don't take it that way. I know you have your job to do. You see, here's the problem: I'm a musician in a group and these two record companies are suing each other to find out which owns us and in the meantime all our money is frozen. But they'll be settling it within a week or two and then I'll be mailing in the entire amount I owe you. So do you suppose you could carry me for just a couple more weeks? Please?"

"A group? Really? Which one?" Miss Morgan suddenly sounded extremely interested.

"Why, uh, the Scumbags. You know, we're one of those . . ."

"The Scumbags?? I love the Scumbags! I see you all the time at the Mercer Center for Bisexual Decadence of the Forties! Which one are you, Mr. Boom-Boom?"

This was working even better than he'd expected. Miss Morgan seemed to have forgotten all about his bill. He'd have to remember this musician bit, use it again sometime. "Which one am I? Why, I'm the . . . bass player."

"The bass player? That's incredible! Do you know how many nights I've stood almost next to you, just staring? But I thought your name was Johnny Farts. . ."

"Oh, right, Johnny Farts. That's my stage name. I mean, how would it sound if they announced 'On bass, Bernie Boom-Boom?' That's not decadent at all. Besides, it sounds like a drummer's name."

Miss Morgan giggled. "Wow," she said, "I can't believe I'm talking to you. All my friends think you're the sexiest Scumbag of all."

"Heh heh," said Bernie. "And what about you? What do you think?"

"Me? God, I think you're the sexiest man I've ever seen!"

"Really? That's what you think?"

"Oh, yes. All that long blond hair and . . ."

"And what?"

"Mr. Boom-Boom, I just realized. I shouldn't be talking to you like this. I mean, I called to . . ."

"Call me Bernie. And what?"

Her voice dropped an octave, became soft and flirtatious. "And that big lump in your pants."

"In my . . ."

"Mmmm, yes, that's why I stand so close to you when you play. So I can see it thrust against your jeans when you move your hips."

Bernie glanced down into his lap. She was right, there *was* a big lump in his pants. And she was giving it to him. He wondered suddenly what time she got off work. "Uh, Miss Morgan, I wonder if . . .?"

"Call me Mitzi. You know what I think about when I see it, Bernie?"

"No. No, I don't, Mitzi. What do you think about?"

"I think about sucking it. I think about running my tongue all up and down it while I'm tickling your balls with my fingernails."

Oh . . . yeah? He certainly hadn't been expecting anything like *this* when he'd answered the phone. His erection was threatening to burst his fly, like a battering ram at the doors of a castle. He adjusted it to a more comfortable position and licked his lips.

"Uh, Mitzi, maybe we could get together tonight. And, you know . . ."

There was a long pause. Was he going too fast for her? Had he blown it?

"Bernie?"

"Yeah?"

"We don't have to wait until tonight."

"You mean you can come over now?"

"No, I mean . . . unscrew the earpiece of your phone."

"Unscrew the . . ."

"The earpiece of your phone. You know, that circular piece of black plastic you hear my voice coming from?"

"But I don't . . ."

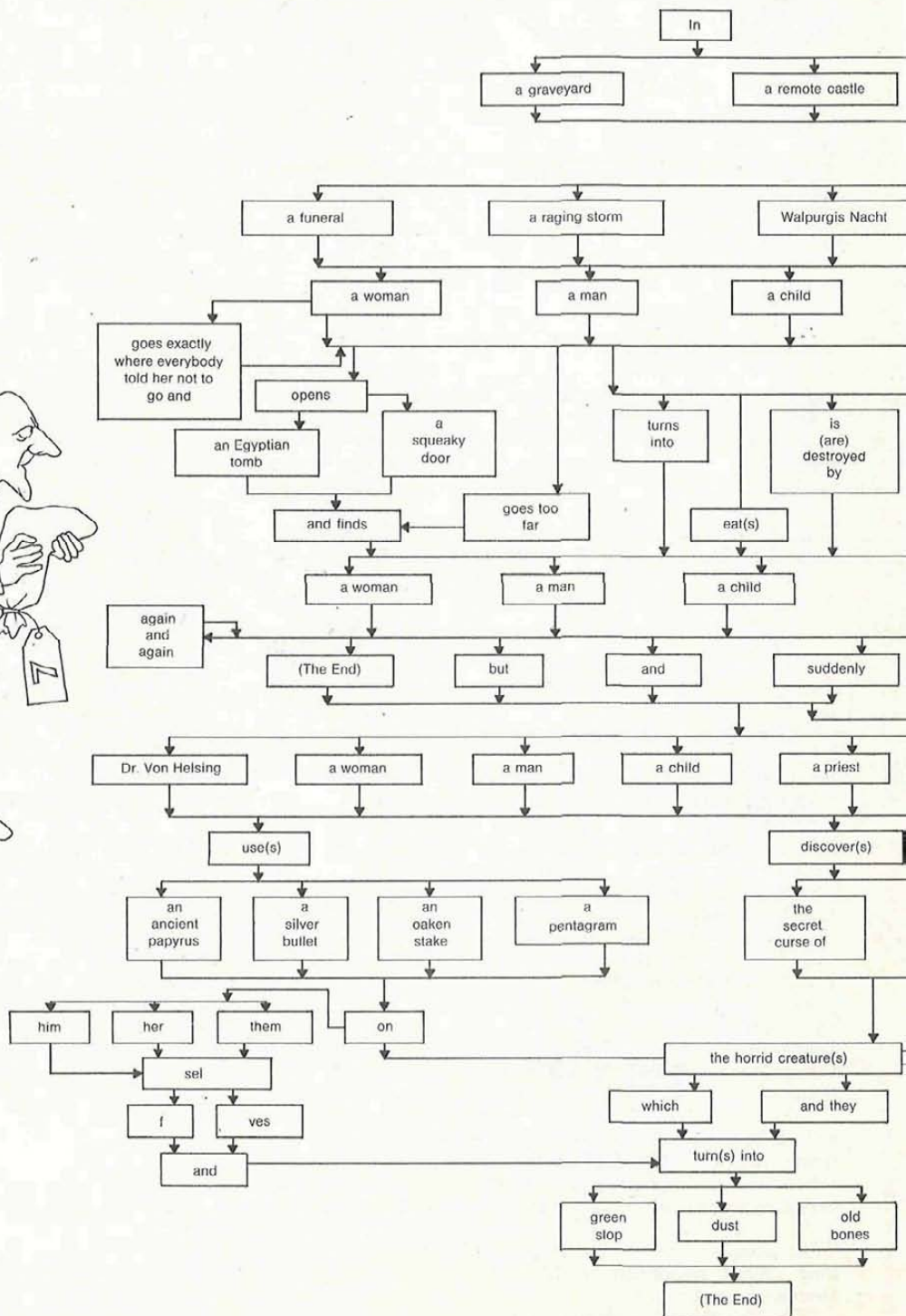
"Bernie, just do it. Trust me."

"Uh, okay. Hold on." He took the receiver from his ear and, with some difficulty, began unscrewing the earpiece. After several turns, it came loose in his hand. He caught his breath sharply. Inside the mouth-

continued on page 56

The Gahan Wilson Horror Movie Pocket Computer

Do you find yourself sitting blearily night after night before your sputtering television set, compulsively watching yet another inept vampire saga flicker on into the small hours, unable to turn the damned thing off, cursing feebly at the forced buffooneries of the cloddish, sleazily-shrouded master of ceremonies, grinding your teeth in embarrassment at permitting your mind to be fouled by the ads for Elvis Presley albums and truck driving

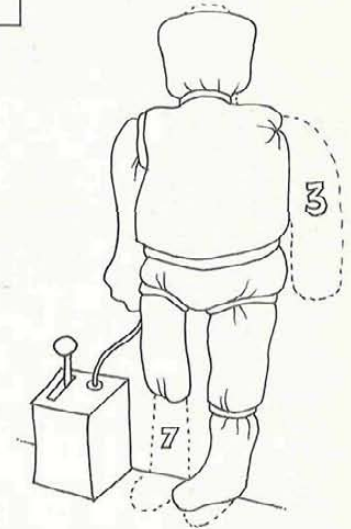
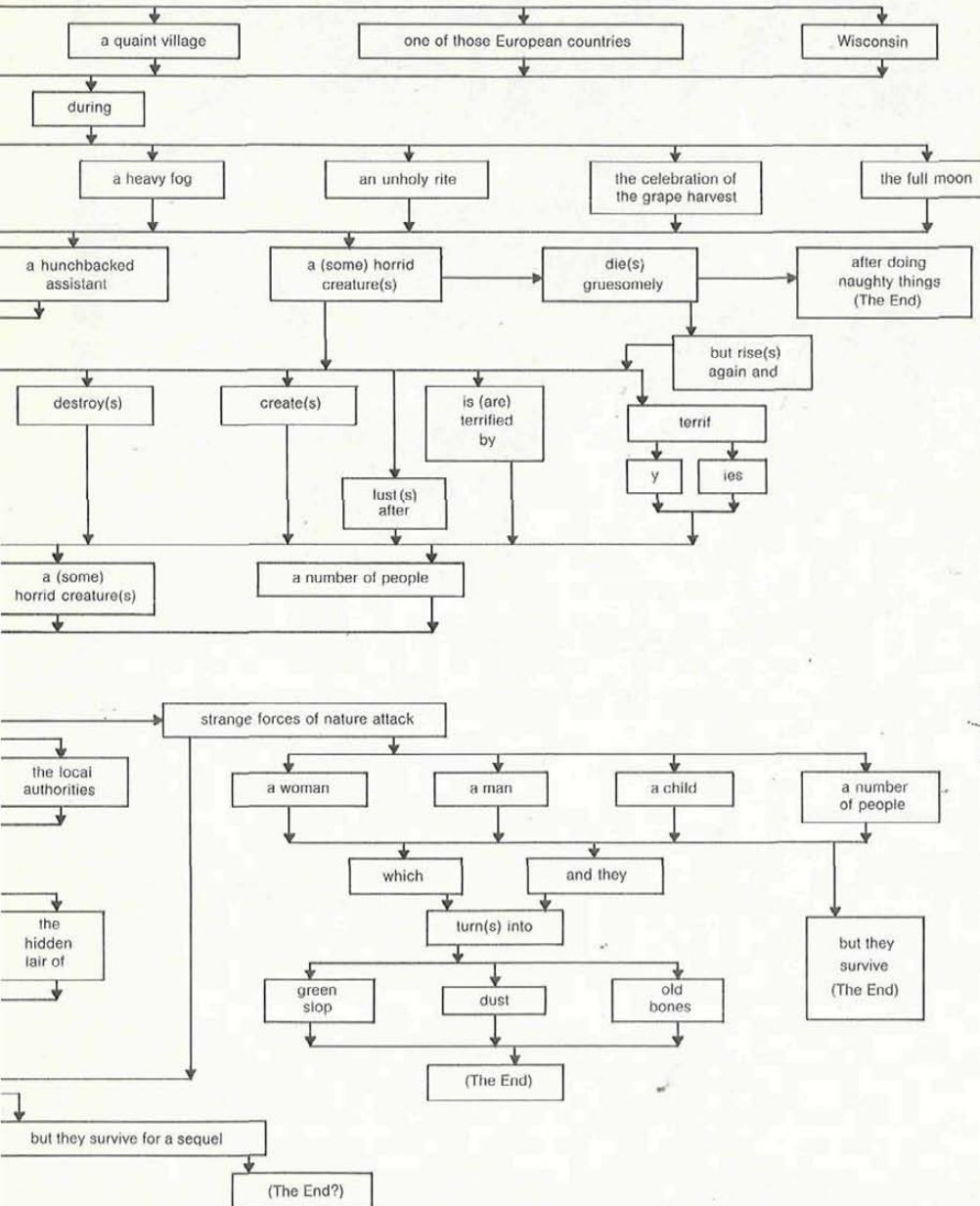


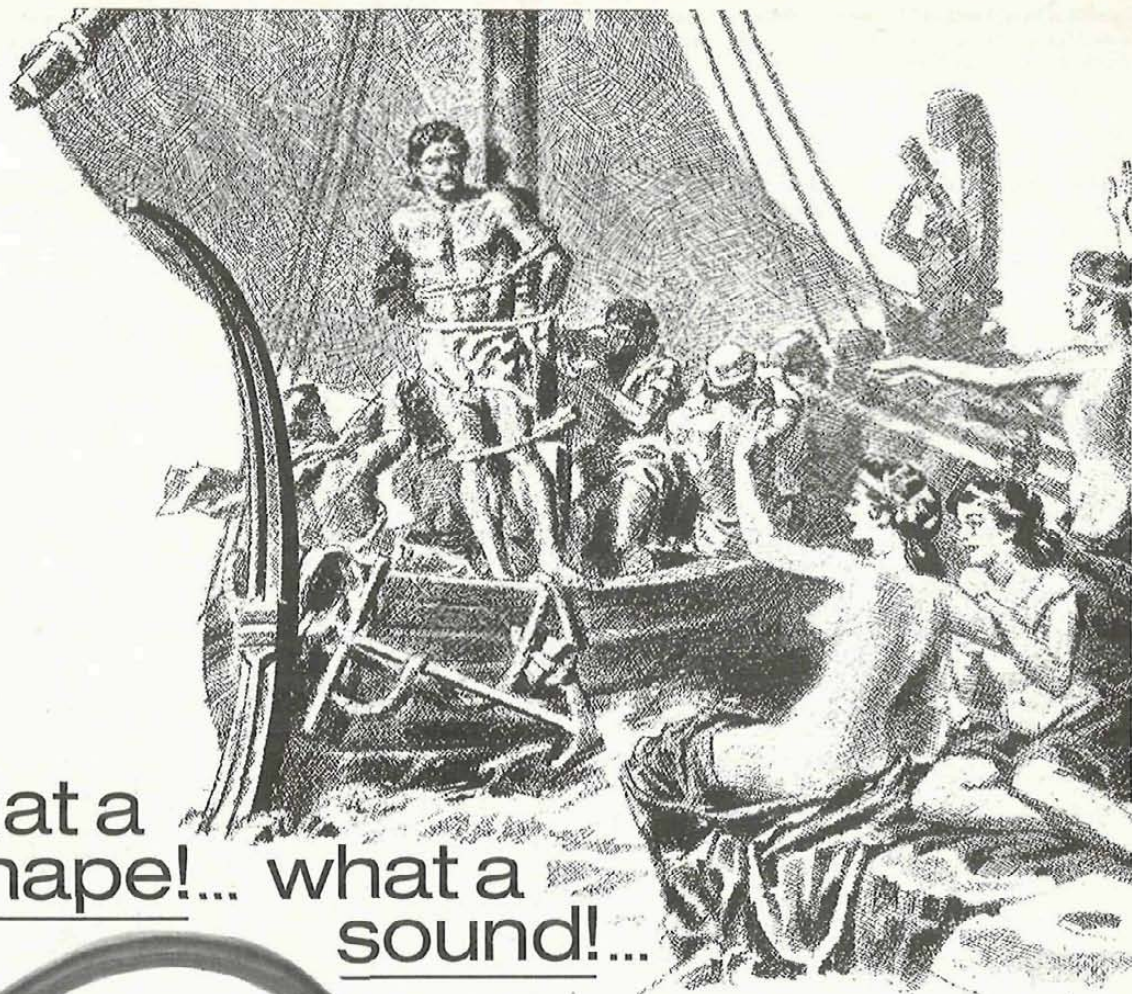
academies, eating far more cashews than are good for you, and knowing all along that you fully intend to stay up for yet another ghastly film after this one has finally petered itself out? Then you, you poor bastard, are suffering from one of mankind's most debasing and humiliating afflictions—you are a horror movie addict.

There is no cure for this condition—I wish to God there were—but there is a way to divert the insatiable appe-

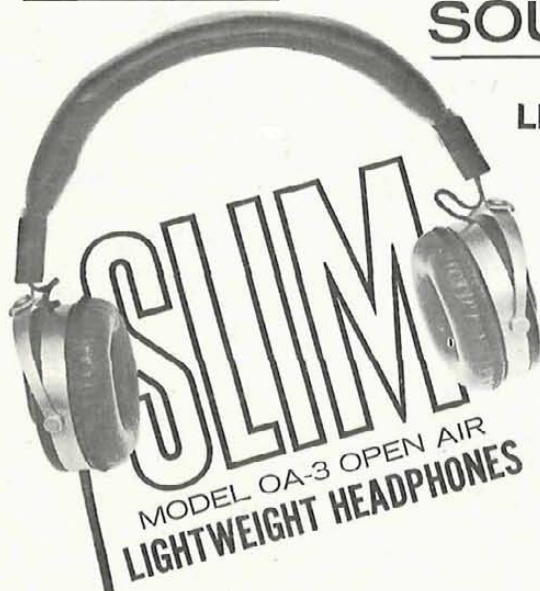
tite for insulting drivel which plagues victims of this vile disease, and that is to carry at all times the Gahan Wilson Horror Movie Pocket Computer shown below. When, as usual, the pathetic wretch finds himself staring at some dreadful film about ambulatory mummies, all he need do is pull out the Computer, locate the position on it analogous to the dismal epic unfolding itself before him, and read through to any The End point

he fancies. He will then find he can stand without aid, actually turn his set off, and go directly to bed. Thanks to the Gahan Wilson Horror Movie Pocket Computer, easily one of this century's greatest scientific and philanthropic achievements, he will have replaced hours of appalling bondage with one joyful glance at this wonderful device. □





what a
shape!... what a
sound!...



**LIKE THE SIRENS OF ANTIQUITY,
PICKERING'S OA-3 HEADPHONES
ARE IRRESISTIBLE IN SHAPE
AND SOUND**

- **REVOLUTIONARY.** So slender. So light. So comfortable to use.
- **SOUND PERFECTION.** You have to listen to believe—but the specs listed below should give you an inkling.
- **OPEN AIR.** Enjoy the sound. Yet, be part of what's going on around you. That's the big thing about "open air".
- **VERSATILE.** Comes with a special adapter for use with Portable Radios, TV Sets and Tape Recorders.
- **PREDICTION.** The OA-3 will be the favorite component in your hi-fi stereo system.
- **PRICE.** \$39.95.

EXPANDED LISTENING ENJOYMENT. Just plug the special adapter into the earphone jack of any Mono Cassette Recorder, Portable Radio or TV Set and plug the OA-3 into the special adapter and enjoy total sound reproduction everywhere you go.

SPECIFICATIONS:

Electrical

Frequency Response: 20-20,000 HZ
 Distortion: Less Than 1% @ 110 DB SPL*
 Sensitivity: 100 DB SPL* @ 0.10 Volts Input @ 1 KHZ for each channel
 Input Impedance: 15 OHM ±10% @ 1 KHZ
 Maximum Permissible Power Input: 0.2 Watts RMS Per Channel

Transducer:
 Headband:
 Ear Cushions:
 Cord Length:
 Weight:

Mechanical

1 1/2" Mylar Diaphragm, Dynamic High Velocity Elements
 Extend-Adjust headband with full pivot yokes and padded vinyl cover
 Soft Vinyl Covered Foam
 10' Extended, 3 Conductor coil cord with molded no-break connector
 7.5 Oz. (without cord)
 *SPL—Sound pressure level



"for those who can hear the difference"

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 Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. N, write
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MY OWN STAMP ALBUM—Continued

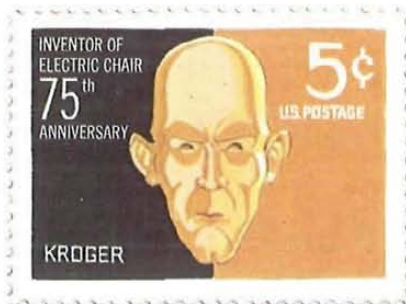
written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

Bolivia



1947 100-peso airmail issue commemorates Bolivian takeover by Gen. Varga Y Vargas but Varga was taken over before stamp could be finished.

U.S.A.



Inventor of the electric chair, Q. Forbes Kroger, is honored in this 5-cent U.S. stamp commemorating seventy-five years of the hot squat.

France



French triple issue of 1928 honors Paris-Rio aviator Nongussier (left), Paris-New York flyer Framboise (center), tragic collision of Nongussier and Framboise (right).

Japan

Zippy Zip-Code Sez:
"10015670089765300899437!"



Graphic simplicity highlights 1945 Japanese 32-yen stamp marking fiftieth anniversary of Japanese Red Cross.

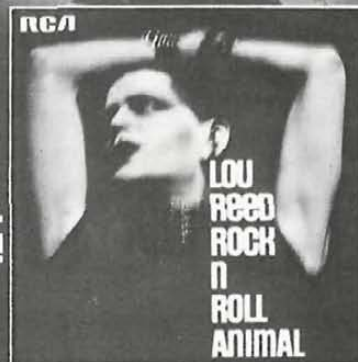
Reminder: We'll do lots better
if you just don't mail that letter!

**After you buy
the album, open the
jacket and make sure
there's a record inside.**

**The "Rock n
Roll Animal" is a
bitch to contain.**



**The live recording of
Lou Reed's concert
at the Academy of Music.
Wild!**



Produced by Lou Reed and Steve Katz

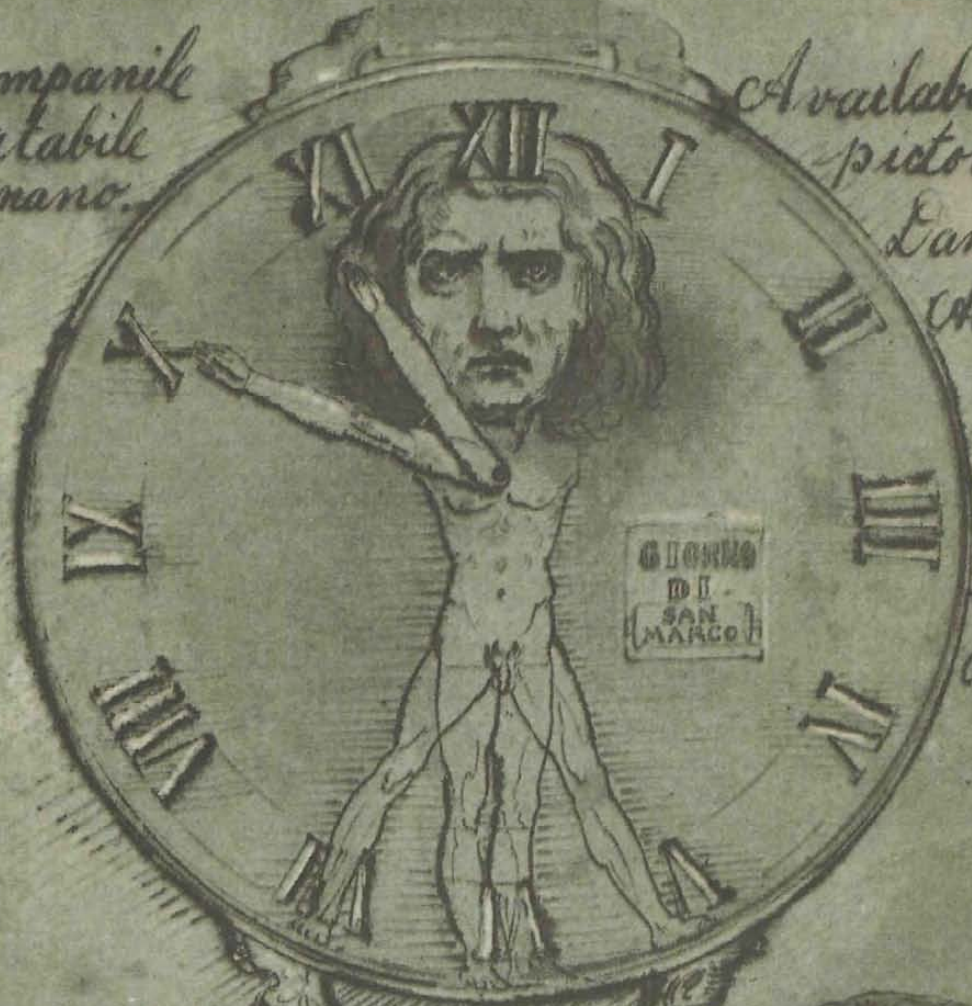
RCA Records and Tapes

Leonardo da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Volume II

*Campanile
portabile
a mano.*

*Disponibili con
pittori di*

*Lante
Alighieri,
il Pape
e
la
Madonna*



*Uno homo
che so vido
in il
boulevardo
molto
inebrio e
lascivio.*



Una engina interessante

Un roqui, so penso.

Ingenua valisa che
ho fabricati per mio
cuzzino in Sicilia,
Vito "il Homo
Renaissanci"
Da Vinci



Una discoveria
molto bizarra
in lo stomacho
di uno
derelicto.

Io non comprendo
il significazione
dei littori
alphabetico.

Signale
universali
per surrendare.
I Mani in cielo



Il devicio
Vegematico



III Mani
averso
testa



Il slici
tomato,
il choppi
lettuci, il
fabri del
potati
Franchi frutte

Un meccanismo a preventare il
stencha vomitari
del perspirazione
e il disintegrazione
dei garmenti

Siu!
Molto
stinko!



Dicci speciali
che so invento
per mio
prea-in-leghissimo,
Piccolo
"il viperi"
Machiavelli.

Una devicia hilariosa.
So informo mes amici a
observare il miraculo celestio.
Quando il observa, occuli
negri.
Ha ha ha ha



Antipasto
jutto



Una methoda per
purchasare
immediatimnto
payare dilatori.
Non necessare di
portare dublooni.
Pangerosa in mani della femina!



Baggia
portabile per il
homo volante
che sufferare da
malo ariale.

Garmenti per l'amore di
Cony, Maria
Garibaldi,
e I va-di-da

voomi
fantastico
en la
bazonga
departamente

Maria,
ta a la
banza de
l'angelia



Bellissimo designo
fabuloso e molto
commerciale.



Splendissima Basilica che
lo submitto al Papa in grande
competizione per selectare il
architecta della Cathedrale di
San Pietro a Roma. Il dotti

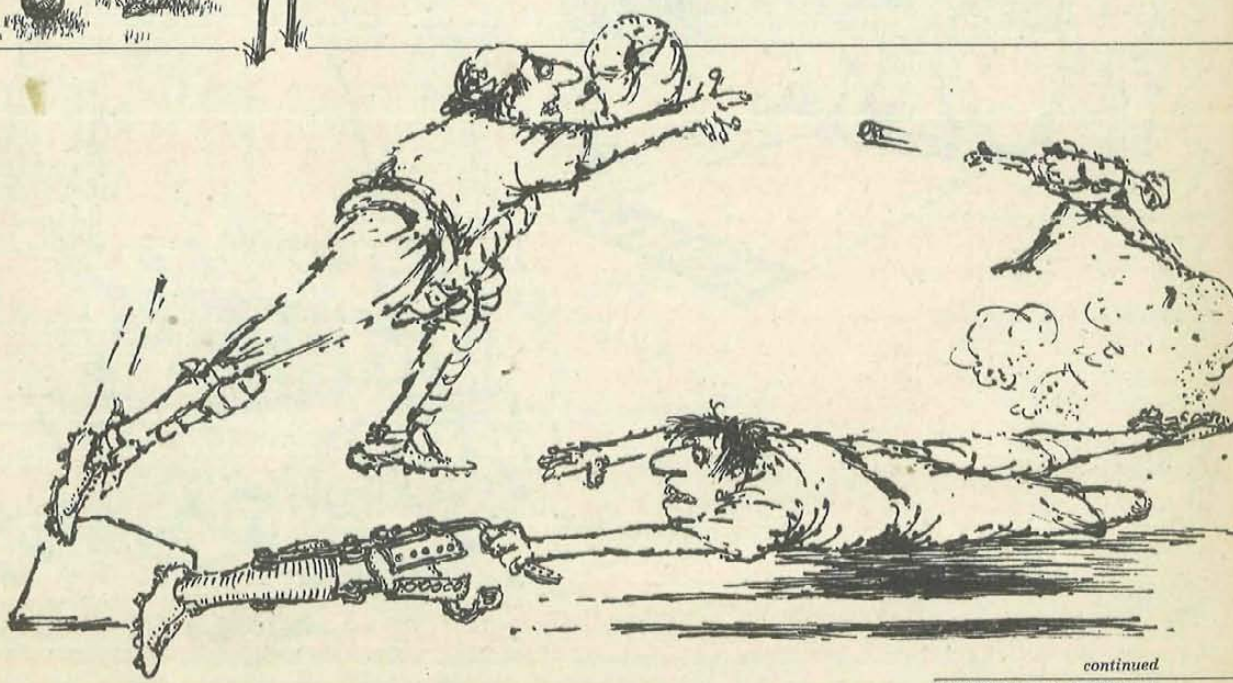
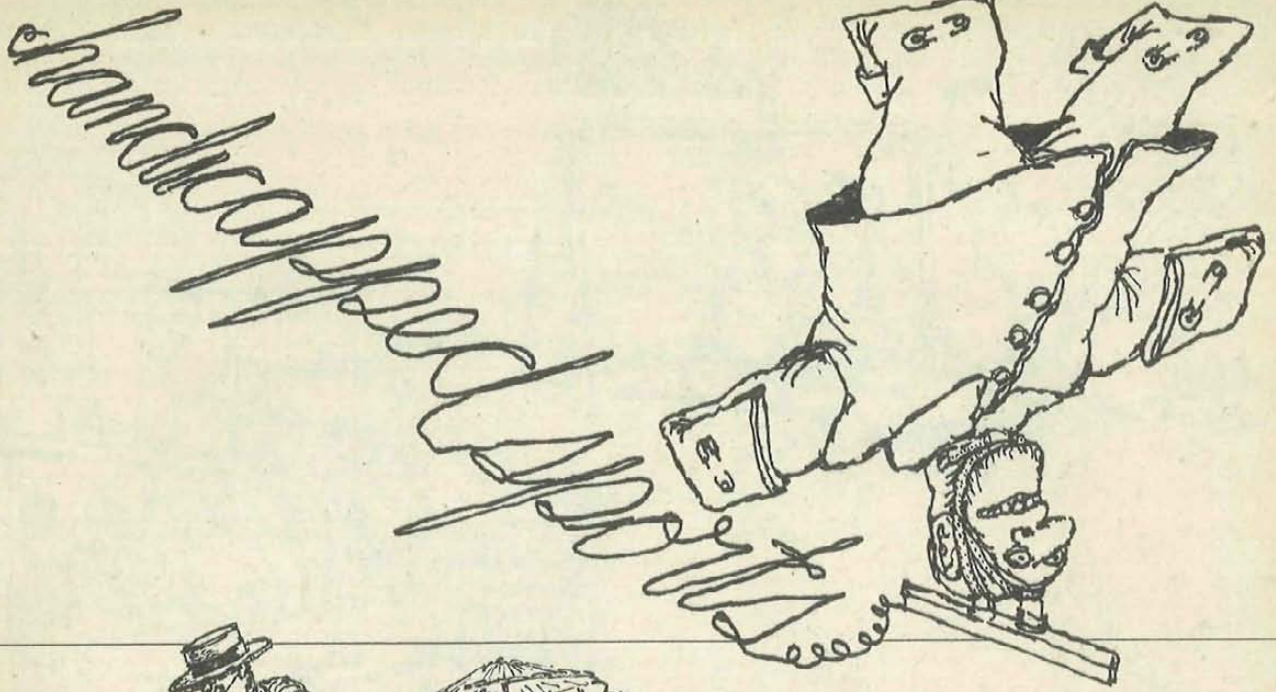
choosi
Michelangelo.
Mangia
fica,
Michel-
angelo!
Conio!



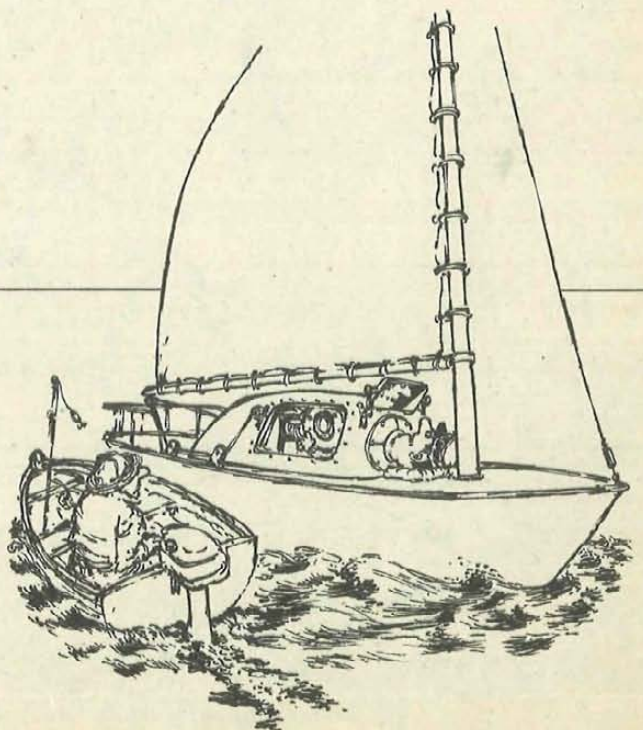
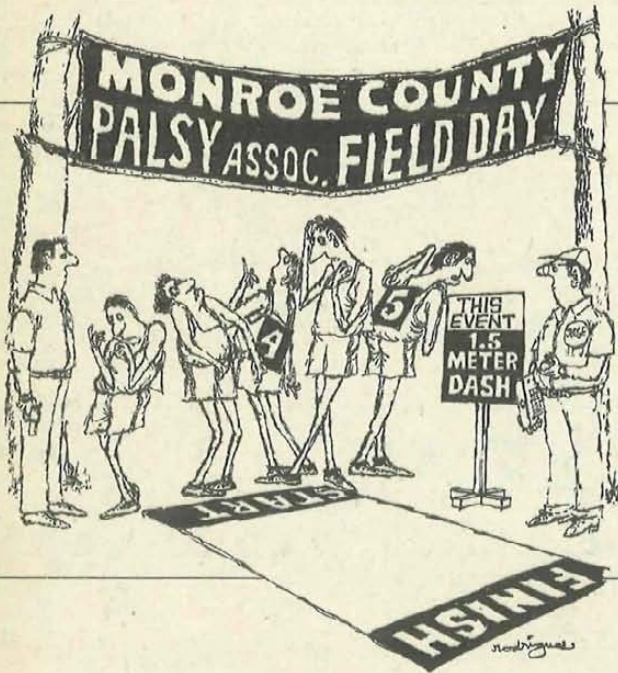
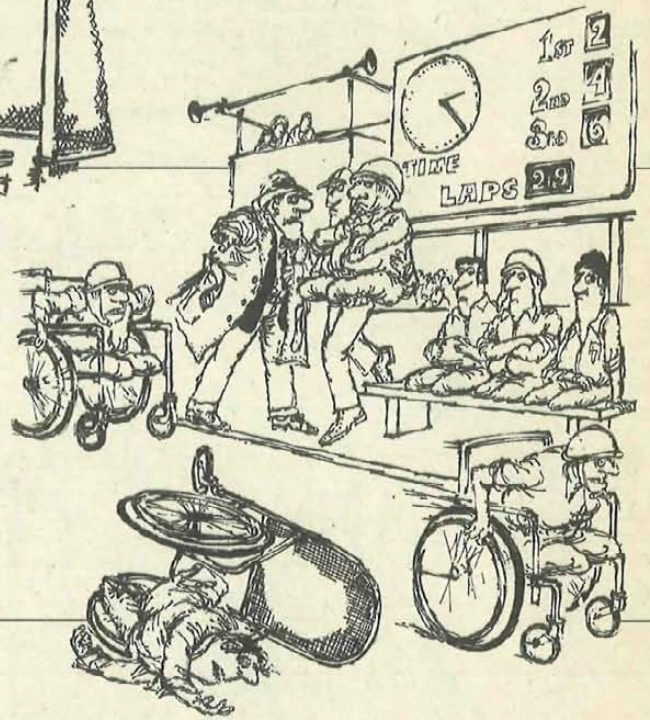
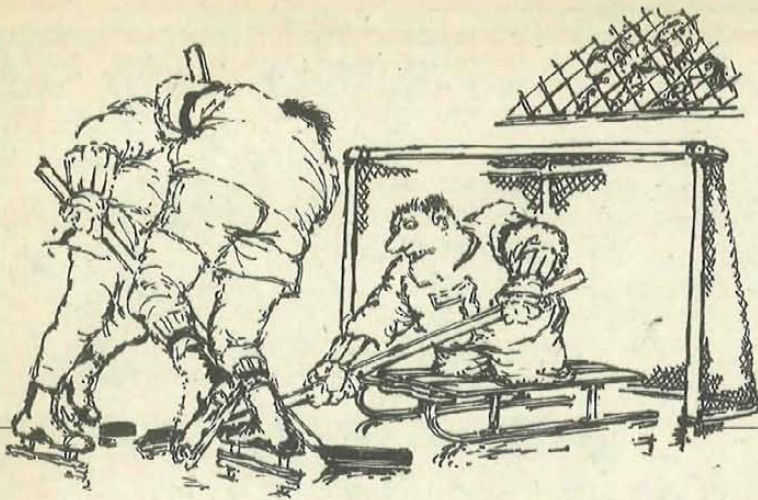
Madonna inflatabile

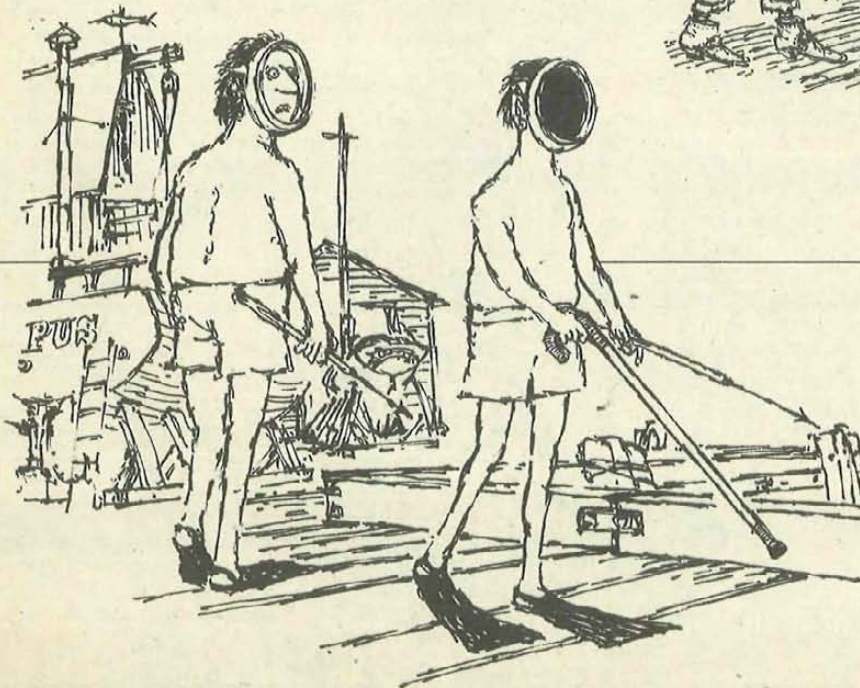
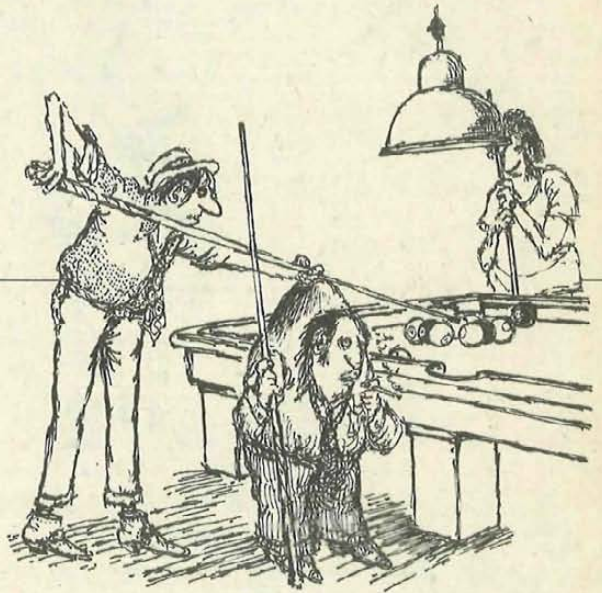
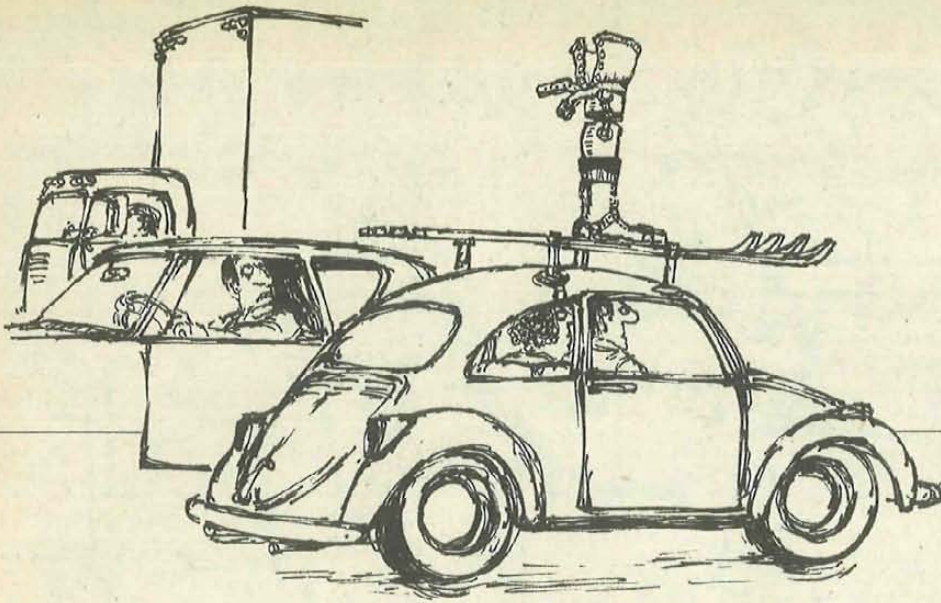


Molto buona e gratifica! Molta
favora per il travelante merchanti
di Venezia.

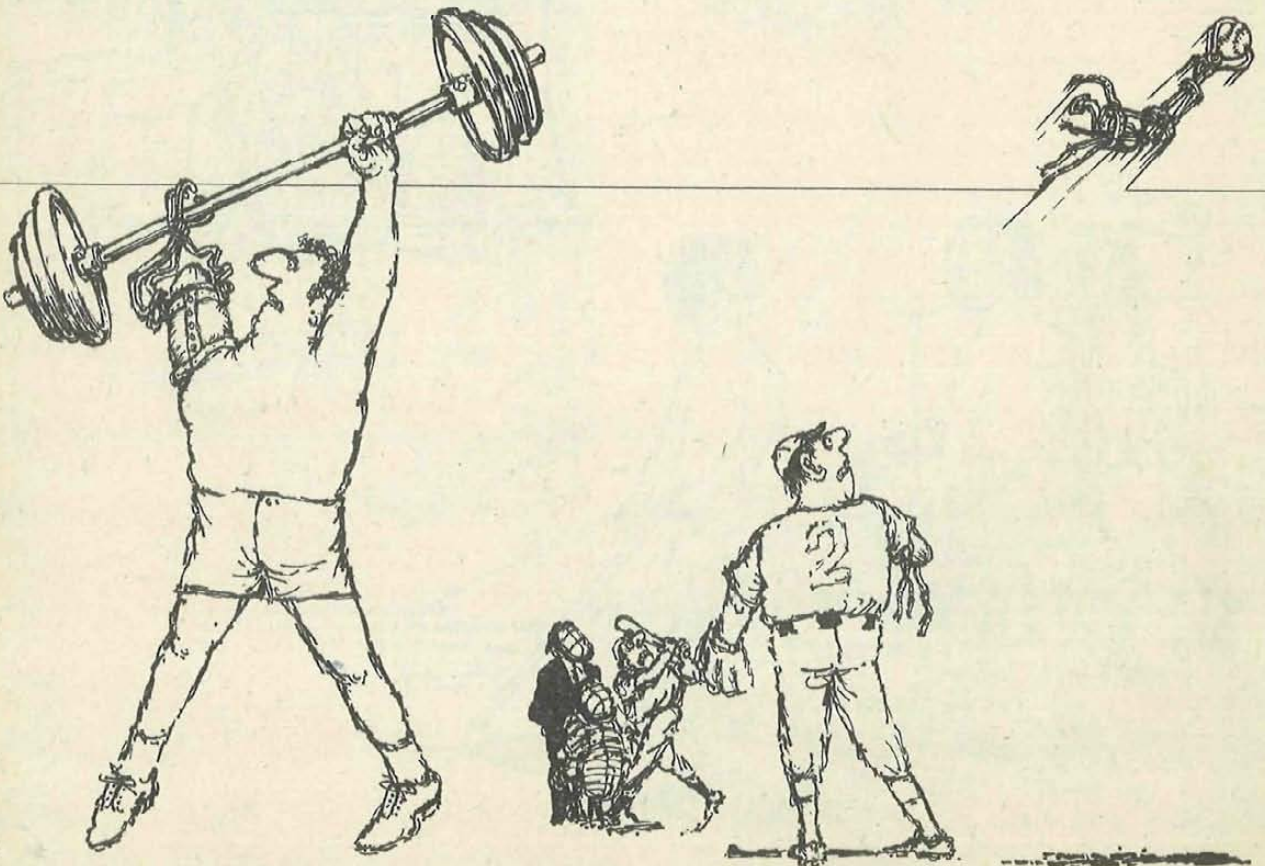
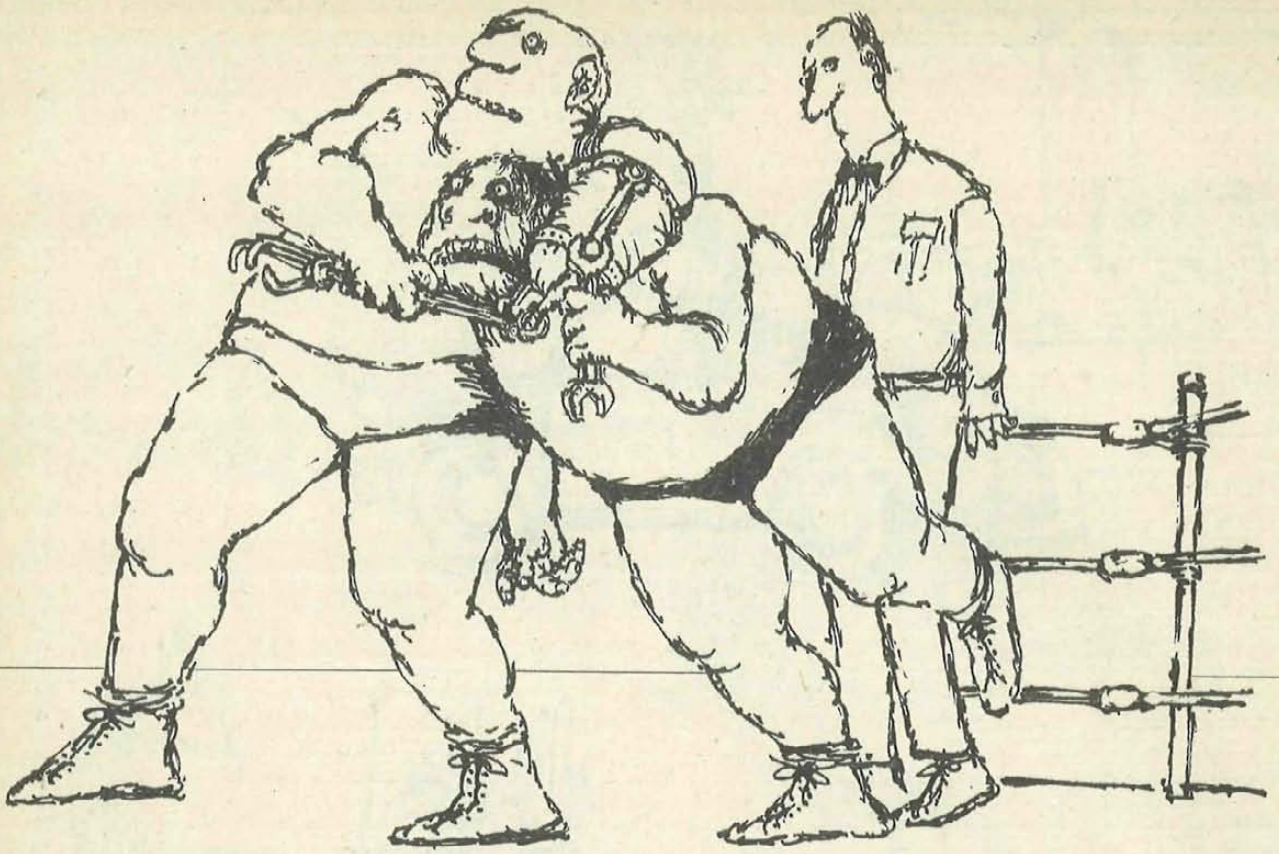


continued





continued



The finest stereo receiver the world has ever known.

We recognize the awesome responsibility of making such a statement. Nevertheless, as the leader in high fidelity, we have fulfilled this responsibility in every way.

Pioneer's new SX-1010 AM-FM stereo receiver eclipses any unit that has come before it. It has an unprecedented power output of 100+100 watts RMS (8 ohms, both channels driven) at incredibly low 0.1% distortion, throughout the entire audible spectrum from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. Power is maintained smoothly and continuously with direct-coupled circuitry driven by dual power supplies.

To bring in stations effortlessly, clearly and with maximum channel separation, the SX-1010 incorporates an FM tuner section with overwhelming capabilities. The combination of MOS FETs, ceramic filters

and phase lock loop IC circuitry produces remarkable specifications like 90dB selectivity, 1.7uV sensitivity and 1 dB capture ratio.

Versatility is the hallmark of every Pioneer component. The SX-1010 accommodates 2 turntables, 2 tape decks, 2 headsets, 3 pairs of speakers, a stereo mic and an auxiliary. It also has Dolby and 4-channel connectors. There's even tape-to-tape duplication while listening simultaneously to another program source. This is another innovative Pioneer exclusive.

The SX-1010 is actually a master control system with its fantastic array of controls and features. It includes pushbuttons that simplify function selection and make them easy to see with illuminated readouts on the super wide tuning dial. FM and audio

muting, hi/low filters, dual tuning meters, loudness contour, a dial dimmer control and a fail-safe speaker protector circuit. Never before used on a receiver are the twin stepped bass and treble tone controls that custom tailor listening to more than 3,000 variations. A tone defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum.

By now it's evident why the SX-1010 is the finest stereo receiver the world has ever known. Visit your Pioneer dealer and audition its uniqueness. \$699.95, including a walnut cabinet.

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 **PIONEER**
when you want something better



piece was a mouth!

Bernie blinked his eyes several times and shook his head but when he looked again, the mouth was still there. Or rather a pair of lips, faintly lipsticked and beestung, in the *Penthouse* manner. He tried to say something but the words choked off in his throat.

Then the lips smiled, and a glistening pink tongue emerged to lick them wetly.

"Yah!" cried Bernie, and dropped the receiver on the floor.

"Pick me up! Pick me up!" called the phone.

Bernie hastened to do so. Holding the receiver gingerly between thumb and forefinger, he stared into the earpiece and tried to think of something to say.

"What kind of shit is that," demanded the lips, "dropping me before you even get to know me? Maybe you'd like to get back to your phone bill."

"No, no, no," assured Bernie. "I'm sorry. You startled me. I didn't expect..."

"Well, it's okay," said the lips, mollified. "No harm done. Except... I'd feel a lot better if you held me more tightly."

Swallowing, Bernie wrapped his fingers around the receiver. It felt warm against his skin.

"Mmmmm," said the phone. "Now hold me closer."

"Uh..." said Bernie. He slowly brought the receiver back against the side of his face.

"That's the idea," said the lips, softly brushing his earlobe. "Now, how do you like this?" And Bernie felt the tongue slide wetly into his ear.

"Yah!" he cried again. He ripped the phone from his ear and a long strand of saliva sagged like a jump rope between him and the earpiece.

"Don't drop me! Don't drop me!" piped the phone.

"I won't drop you," said Bernie. "It's just that you keep taking me by surprise. Actually, that felt very nice."

The lips smiled. "Want to feel something nicer?"

"Uh, sure," said Bernie.

"Then kiss me." The lips puckered expectantly.

Good Lord! Well, he'd done weirder things in his time. Although he couldn't think of any right now. Gathering the receiver in both hands, he brought the earpiece to his mouth and pressed the lips tenderly against his.

The lips responded, shyly at first, then with growing passion. Bernie had never experienced a kiss quite like it. Then the tongue entered his

mouth like a sweet, hot fish, searching for sustenance, and his sense of shock at the circumstances began rapidly to segue into lust. Finally, he pulled the receiver away. "Wow," he murmured. "Listen, let's get high."

"Good," said the lips, panting lightly. "But hurry."

Bernie placed the receiver in his lap and began rolling a joint. He couldn't remember when he'd felt so turned on. As he was licking the number closed, he felt the phone playfully nipping at his dong through his pants. Hurriedly, he lit up and thrust the j into the earpiece.

The phone took a long toke and held its breath. So did Bernie. After four or five such hits each, he laid the roach in the ash tray.

"Kiss me hard," said the phone.

Bernie didn't have to be told twice. He pushed the earpiece against his mouth and kissed the lips hard.

"Mmmmm," they said. The phone cord began to spiral around his thigh, snaking sensuously against him. "Feel me, feel me good," begged the lips.

Feel her? Feel what? With a mental shrug of the shoulders, Bernie placed the body of the phone in his lap and began to caress it.

"Ohhhhh," said the lips.

Then Bernie's hand moved through the cradle and his fingers brushed one of the plastic hang-up buttons.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH," said the lips.

Oh, really? He went back to the button, took it between thumb and forefinger, and rolled it in small, oscillating circles.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," said the lips. "OH MY GOD!"

Bernie jerked his hand away. Had he hurt her?

"God, I just came," said the lips. "You've got me hearing beeper tones. What was *in* that dope?" The phone sighed happily. "But then you rock stars always get the best dope."

"Rock stars?" The dope had also done a number on Bernie's head. "Oh, yeah, rock stars. Got the biggest cocks, too," he said casually.

"I don't believe you," the phone teased. "Show me."

"Show you? You can see?"

"No, but I think I can estimate pretty well... with my mouth."

"Oh, yeah?" said Bernie, and before he'd finished the 'yeah,' his pants were down to his knees and his cock was jutting from his lap like a starved stork straining for food. "Estimate away," he told the phone and brought the ear well of the receiver slowly over the head of his cock. The lips shimmered out to meet him, then sucked him in like a fat spaghetti strand.

"Glmph!" said the phone, and its

tongue began to describe rapid circles around Bernie's German helmet. It felt as if he'd stuck himself into the center of a spinning car wash brush made from liver. The sensation was so intense it was almost unbearable. In fact, it *was* unbearable, all tease with none of that cross-shaft massage so vital to coming. He tried to jam himself further into the receiver.

"MMLKPT! STPPM!" screamed the phone, as best it could. Startled, Bernie pulled the receiver clear. "Nine one one! Nine one one!" the lips cried. "Police, fire, emergency!"

"Hey, shush," said Bernie. "I'm sorry. I got carried away. You were driving me crazy."

"Who do you think I am, Linda Lovelace?" demanded the phone. "You can see how skinny my neck is."

"I said I was sorry. Listen, I've got to fuck you." Bernie's balls were throbbing like small hearts. "You've got to come over here right away." He gave one of her hang-up buttons a twist to place emphasis on his request.

"Anh! Anh!" responded the lips. "God, yes; I want to fuck you too, Bernie. And I don't have to come over. Unscrew my base-plate. Hurry!"

This time Bernie asked no questions. He took the body of the phone from his lap and turned it upside down. The base plate was held in place by two small screws. Bernie went to work with his fingernail.

"Hurry," said the phone. "Please hurry." Thick, funky juices were beginning to ooze from several small holes in the base plate to make hot trails on Bernie's wrist. The first screw came loose and he moved to the second. He felt clumsy as a schoolboy dealing with his first bra clasps. His fingernail broke so he switched fingers. At last the screw pulled free and the base plate fell away.

An afro of pubic hair burst forth, and great clouds of fishy perfume. Bernie blinked and pulled the phone closer. Deep within the hair, almost buried by it, pink labia twinkled.

"Fuck me!" cried the phone. "Oh fuck me, fuck me!"

In a steamy frenzy, Bernie propped the receiver upside down between his head and neck, so that he could kiss the lips. With his other hand, he slid the phone slowly over his dong, well over it, all the way down. It felt incredible. He groaned and began moving himself slowly in and out, in and out...

There was a click.

The lips went dead beneath his, dead as plastic. A small, mechanical whine started from the body of the phone. Bernie fired his glance to his

groin, just in time to witness the metal claw device complete its encirclement of his swollen balls.

"Now, Mr. Boom-Boom," said Mr. DeReimer's loud, male voice from the receiver, "about that overdue bill . . ."

II

Wilbur the Wimp thought of his cock as a pressure valve.

That is, when Wilbur felt tension accumulating as a foreshadow of some upcoming event, he would vent his anxiety by masturbating. If, say, he had to make a crucial presentation to senior executives at the office, he would dash wildly into the men's room a short time before and flail away in a toilet stall, only to emerge moments later, the very picture of coolness and self-possession. When it was up to him to captain his two-man badminton team to victory at the local Y, he would feel more and more uptight all afternoon until finally, just before the game, he would beat off into a handkerchief in the rear of the locker room and then stride manfully onto the court. Thus it was that when he finally obtained a date with Jug-City Sharon, the incredibly desirable bartender at Dr. Depravity's, and had by seven o'clock become so uptight that his intestines felt tied in a knot, he naturally assumed that the thing to do was beat the meat.

Since Sharon didn't get off work until eight, there was no need to rush things, to employ the simple zip-jerk techniques he was forced to use in public places. So what would it be tonight? The liver and vibrators? The electric plastic vagina he had mail-ordered from Amsterdam? No, wait, he had it: the vacuum cleaner! He hadn't used the vacuum cleaner in at least two weeks. Not only did it do the job slowly and well, it also disposed of the consequences without the need for Kleenex or towels. The vacuum would be the very thing.

So he went to the closet where he kept his brooms and mops and floor wax, removed the vacuum cleaner, and carried it into the living room. It consisted of a squat canister on wheels and a flexible hose of accor-dioned plastic, some six feet in length. The all-purpose rug-floor nozzle he removed and set aside.

He plugged the machine into the wall and himself into the soft rubberoid hose end. Taking a seat on the sofa, he closed his eyes and nudged the kick switch with his toe. The vacuum cleaner roared to life and his flaccid dong began to fibrillate furiously in the hose, making a loud fart noise. Quickly, though, his member became hard and the fart

noise turned high-pitched, like the noise made by kids blowing through empty Good & Plenty boxes. The cozy hose (or, if you prefer, the hosey cooz) snuggled and tore at him. He began to fantasize, imagining Jug-City Sharon in place of the vacuum, watching her breasts orbit the axis of her chest like twin Comet Kohouteks, only unlit. And much bigger. Oh, it was being a wonderful beat-off!

Then the vacuum cleaner made a loud coughing sound and, with a *blam*, blew off its lid. Wilbur snapped his eyes open. The exposed motor was belching brown smoke, through which red flames licked. What was more, his cock was being sucked with ever-increasing force, deeper and deeper into the hose. *Good Lord*, thought Wilbur, *I better ditch!* He kicked the switch with his foot. Nothing happened! If he didn't act fast, he'd be able to get a job guarding a harem. Launching himself from the sofa, he tore the electric cord free of the wall. The motor stopped abruptly, and with it, the seven hundred mile-an-hour winds that were occurring within the hose. *Whew*, thought Wilbur. *Crackle crackle*, went the flames. *Whoops*, thought Wilbur. He ran for the bathroom, dragging hose and canister bumpily after him.

Flinging the shower curtain aside, he spun knobs until the water was going full blast, then dumped the canister into the tub. Emitting a mighty hiss and a cloud of vile-smelling smoke, the vacuum cleaner died.

God, thought Wilbur. He turned the water off and headed for the window to air out the room. There was a heavy tug at his groin. The hose and he were still engaged! In his rush to douse the flames, he'd forgotten all about that aspect of things. He reached down, took the hose in both hands and attempted to pull it away from his body.

The hose would not pull.

What?, thought Wilbur. He pulled again, harder. "Ouch!," he cried. This was ridiculous. How could he be stuck? He'd vacuumed off half a hundred times and never gotten stuck before. Then again, he'd never experienced the jet stream effect before either. There was no doubt about it, though; he and the hose were stuck tight. To complicate matters, he still had a large hard-on and the hose-end was acting like one of those brass cock rings that were rumored to be used by Japanese to maintain night-long erections. His only hope for freedom was to finish beating himself off.

He detached himself from the canister, went back to the living room,

and tried an experimental beat or two. But the hose, engineered not to collapse under conditions of severe suction, wouldn't give beneath his hand and he couldn't feel a thing. What was he going to do? He checked out the time. Seven-thirty. He began to panic. Maybe if he unbent a coat hanger and stuck it down the far end of the . . . no, that was stupid. Well, suppose he poured cold water into . . . no, that was stupider. But he had to do something. It might be months before Jug-City Sharon could find another open night to bestow on him.

Maybe he should just show up with the hose slung over his shoulder. He could explain that he was just coming from a costume party, to which he had gone as a gas pump. He wouldn't actually have to give gas, due to the shortages, and . . . no no no, what was he thinking? He must be getting hysterical. No, the only thing to do was somehow hide the whole thing under his clothes.

So Wilbur took the hose and coiled it around and around itself until he had created a tight plastic spiral around the central point of his groin. But as soon as he let it go, it unwound violently, its metal coupling end almost slugging him in the jaw. He'd have to hold it in place somehow. He rewound the spiral and this time bound it securely to his body with long strips of masking tape.

Now to dress. Underpants were out, obviously. It would take a pair of drawers designed for Haystack Calhoun to contain both him and the coil. In fact, how was he going to get into any of his pants? Then he remembered the old pair of trousers his father had given him once as a sarcastic comment on the tightness of his son's jeans. It was not that his father had been fat but that the trousers were thirty years old and thus had pleats that mattered. He found them at the bottom of his old clothes drawer and, crossing his fingers, stepped into them. They fit! The waist was just high enough and the pleats just sufficiently stretchable to cover both him and the hose.

He checked himself out in the mirror. He looked pregnant! He couldn't take out Jug-City Sharon looking *pregnant*. He began tearing through his dresser, hurling clothes in all directions, searching for something, anything, that would cover his unsightly bulge. At last he understood why all those copies of *Weight Watchers* were sold each month.

Wait, the sweater. The baggy old sweater he'd bought in the antique shop. He pulled it over his head, down over his hips, and went again to the mirror. He looked . . . passa-

continued on page 60

Surprise



illustration by Randall Enos

Gue

ble. Not gorgeous, but passable. Well . . . he glanced at the clock. Ten of Jesus Christ. He darted back to the bathroom and scrutinized his face. No oozing zits, nothing stuck between his teeth, but his hair . . . his normally full, curly head of hair was still soaking wet from the shower!

Wilbur grabbed a towel and dried his hair as best he could. Then he combed it. He didn't much like the way it looked, all slicked back against his head, but it was an improvement. As a matter of fact, he didn't like the way *any* of him looked. He felt ridiculous, like a character from an old-time comic strip. *Why tonight, God*, Wilbur implored, *why tonight?*

Bong bong bong . . . went the clock.

Uh-oh, thought Wilbur, and headed out the door. Jug-City Sharon didn't like to be kept waiting.

It was a warm spring night and Dr. Depravity's, the in singles bar across the street from his apartment building, was filled to overflowing. The best thing to do would be to get her out of there and into a dark movie house where nobody could see him. Already he was attracting stares. He pushed through the milling crowd on the street, into the entrance. A large, red-faced man guarded the inner door with a cashbox and a fluorescent wrist stamp.

"Uh, I'm not staying," Wilbur told him. "I'm just here to pick up Sharon."

"Who are you supposed to be?" the man demanded. "Scott Fitzgerald?" He laughed coarsely and slapped his thigh.

"Hey, fuck you," said Wilbur. "Do you think I *want* to be . . .?"

"Hi, Wilbur," called a bright voice. Jug-City Sharon was just stepping through the inner door. Wilbur felt his knees grow weak. She looked incredible. Her waist was bare and her very tight, very white pants contrasted shockingly with the tan of her tummy. Her hair cascaded to her shoulders like an ebon waterfall; her moist, full, slightly parted lips were a blatant invitation to unknown, juicy places. And, most spectacular of all, encased in a halter that was like fat, burnt-orange spiderwebs, were Sharon's breasts.

Overripe is not the word. They strained and swung and danced like great fleshy hornets' nests. If they had been army water bags, she could have sustained a platoon in a desert for a week. And tonight, they just might be his to fondle and bounce and get lost in. Wilbur swallowed, his Adam's apple feeling large as a movie hillbilly's.

"Gee, Wilbur," said Sharon, "you look weird tonight. What's with your hair?"

"He t'inks he's Scott Fitzgerald," said the red-faced man, and roared anew, holding his belly with both hands.

"Why, you *do* look like Scott Fitzgerald," cried Sharon. "Oh, Wilbur, I had no idea you were so *now*." And she walked up to him and gave him a big kiss on the lips.

"Oh, well, heh heh," said Wilbur. "Gotta keep up with the times, after all."

"Hrmp," said the red-faced man, and vanished behind his *Daily News*.

"Gosh, Wilbur, I was sort of thinking we'd go to the movies tonight but you look so fantastic we should go over to Sodom & Gomorrah instead, just to show you off."

"Oh, uh, Sodom & Gomorrah? Funny, I was thinking about a movie too." Sodom & Gomorrah was one of those new, decadent night spots that were springing up around town. The chic-est, trendiest, most intimidating people in the city went there to dance and strut about like peacocks for one another. It was the last place in the world Wilbur would have chosen to go, especially tonight.

"Come on, Wilbur," said Sharon. "You can always go to a movie, but you hardly ever look the way you do tonight."

"Well, that's true. But that's exactly why I . . ."

"Then let's go." She pulled Wilbur through the door and flagged down a cab.

In the warm back seat, Sharon cuddled close to him and began planting small kisses along the line of his jaw. *Wow*, thought Wilbur, and began kissing back. Her lips were fantastic. *She* was fantastic. It was as if one of his adolescent fantasy women had come to life. She put her hand on his leg and began moving it groinward . . . and suddenly he felt his cock straining against the firm, ridged walls of the vacuum hose, and masking tape beginning to tear. On the verge of panic, he reached down and gently pushed her hand away.

She gave him a disbelieving look.

"Not now," Wilbur improvised. "I'll, uh, be embarrassed to stand up."

"But they *like* it at Sodom & Gomorrah when you walk in with an obvious hard-on. It's *stylish*."

Wilbur thought fast. "Listen, uh, the people who go to this place . . . you wouldn't describe them as a Republican crowd, would you?"

"What? No, of course not."

"Then it wouldn't be so hip for me to go as an elephant, would it?"

Sharon chuckled throatily and regarded him through lowered lashes. "No, I guess it wouldn't. Well, we'll check out your . . . trunk later." She

curled up under his arm, dropped a couple of downs and looked out a window.

Shortly thereafter, Wilbur and Sharon were walking arm in arm into Sodom & Gomorrah. A wall of deafening music engulfed them.

"Ooh, they're playing 'Dead Battery Vibrator Blues,'" squealed Sharon. "Let's dance!"

"Uh, gee, I was thinking maybe a beer . . ."

"Come on, Wilbur, you can have a beer later." She dragged him through the crowd of men in ballet tutus, women smoking cigars, and other individuals of moot gender with glitter and purple iridescent hair. By the time they reached the dance floor, the band was just beginning a new number, a ballad called "Killing Me Softly With His Knife."

"Mmmmm," observed Sharon, "a slow one." She fit herself into Wilbur's arms and placed her cheek against his. They began to shuffle in small squares. To his acute chagrin, Sharon immediately attempted to grind her hips against him. In an insane, reverse parody of all those high school slow dances during which the girls eschewed groin contact, Wilbur found himself dancing with his ass humped way back in the air.

"Don't be unfriendly," scolded Sharon. She encircled his waist with her arms and pulled his hips against her. Groin met hose coil and she bounced away again.

Sharon stared at him with sudden new respect. "Wilbur, wow, I didn't realize . . . I mean, if I'd known, I wouldn't have waited so long to . . ." She pushed her hips back against him, more gently this time. "Oh my God, Wilbur," she breathed, and held him very tight.

"Heh heh," said Wilbur.

He was feeling increasingly nervous. To get his mind off his dilemma, he began to look at the people around them. It was at this point that he first noticed the looks they were giving him.

"Pretty tacky Fitzgerald," sniffed a haughty blonde in Thirties clothes and Joan Crawford fuck-me shoes.

"Yeah," agreed her partner, who was wearing a double-breasted Clark Gable suit and spats. "Who's that little creep think he is, being so out of it in front of us?"

Wilbur swallowed, feeling more uptight than ever. These decadence people were even more intimidating than he'd expected. *Yeesh*, he thought, and buried his face in Sharon's hair.

After a time, the band brought the ballad to a ragged close and launched into their current hit single, "Coal Chute Boogie (Kaka on My Wah-

8 COMICS IN ONE!

by Ed Subitzky

A DIRTY COMIC, A SPORTS COMIC, AN EDUCATIONAL COMIC, A LOVE COMIC, A TRAGIC COMIC, A HUMOR COMIC, A DETECTIVE COMIC, AND A HORROR COMIC!

TO READ
DRESS DEPT. TRAGEDY
START HERE AND READ DOWN

TO READ
TEEN JALOPY YOCKS
START HERE AND READ DOWN

TO READ
SCOTLAND YD. CASEBOOK
START HERE AND READ DOWN

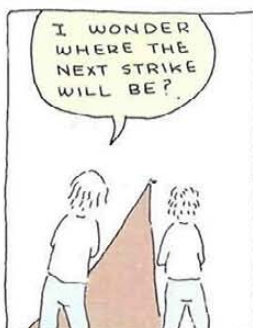
TO READ
TERROR OF DRACULA
START HERE AND READ DOWN

TO READ
UNDER-GROUND SEX COMICS
START HERE AND READ ACROSS



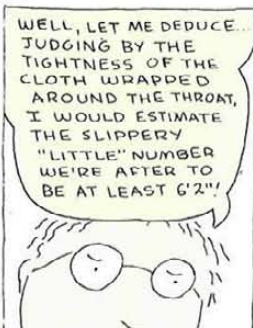
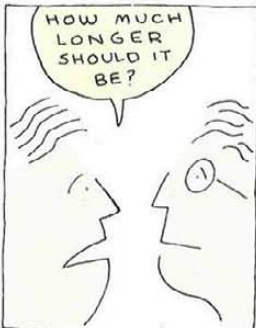
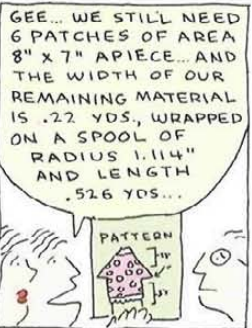
END
UNDER-GROUND SEX COMICS

TO READ
BOWLING WITH THE BOYS
START HERE AND READ ACROSS



END
BOWLING WITH THE BOYS

TO READ
YOUNG ISAAC NEWTON
START HERE AND READ ACROSS



END
YOUNG ISAAC NEWTON

TO READ
TRUE LOVE DRAMA
START HERE AND READ ACROSS



END
TRUE LOVE DRAMA

END
DRESS DEPT. TRAGEDY

END
TEEN JALOPY YOCKS

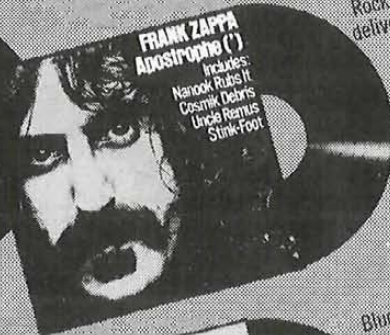
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END
TERROR OF DRACULA

THE BEST NEW ALBUMS



Bob Seger:
A great album from today's fiercest... and best... rock and roller.



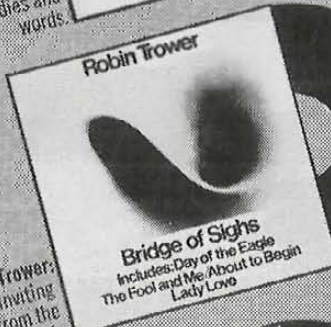
Frank Zappa:
Rock's master monster delivers another superb solo work.



Procol Harum:
More lusty and brilliantly colored melodies and words.



Alan Price:
Blues, ballads and honky-tonk from the "O Lucky Man!" sound track composer.



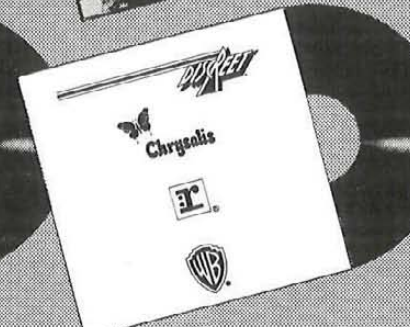
Robin Trower:
An immense, inviting second album from the Trower trio.



Jesse Colin Young:
The Marin County troubadour's loving tones.



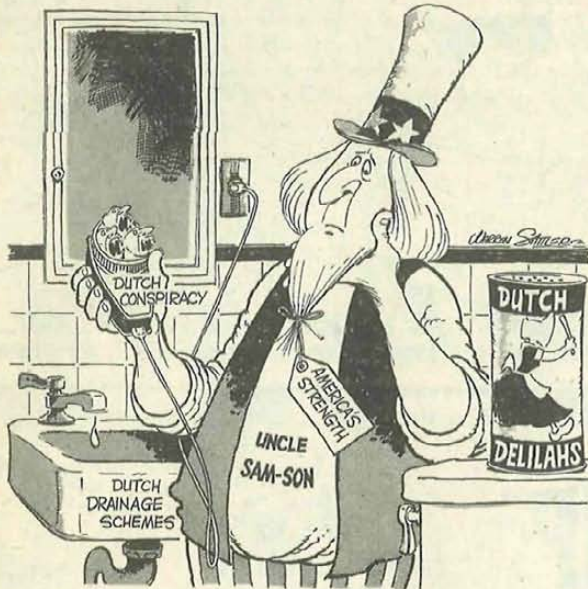
Terry Melcher:
The first from the legend of Los Angeles.



ACTION!



Heinous schemes
Oil shortages
Land reclamation plots
Lies and tricks
Awful plans for U.S.
No privacy once our doors are out in half
Dikes everywhere



'WILL HE SHAVE IT OFF?'

**** CORRECTION! ****

In issue number 9 of the A.U.T.B.D. newsletter, we stated that the so-called Vinland Map owned by Yale University in Nieuw Haaven was a fraud and a hoax cooked up by the Burgher of Frisia and his double-breasted demons to discredit Columbus and give the credit to the Viking Lief Van der Erikson. Now that Mynheer Kingman Van Der Brewer has confessed to the forgery, it is clear that the Dutch door-cutters have other tricky plans up their baggy sleeves. It's our bet that they're going to try again to foist off their lying story that Hendrik Hudson discovered America in the Breda, the Gouda, and the Zanta Meer Van Der Delft, so they can lay claim to our precious inlets and our vital intracoastal waterway system. As for Hendrik Hudson, just remember that he founded Harlem, and that the Dutch word for creek is "kill"!

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, Mar. 5 (Reuters)—According to a source in the Dutch government, Alexandr Solzhenitsyn, the exiled Russian writer, sent a letter to Prime Minister Johannes den Uyl, thanking him for an informal invitation to settle in the Netherlands and expressing his regret that he could not accept it. The note from the Nobel Prize-winning author was received yesterday. It was said to have contained no hint of Solzhenitsyn's plans, but current speculation is that he will apply for Norwegian citizenship. A wisened-up Russian!

So under the evil sway of Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld, the Wild Beast of the Hague, is America's tulip-sniffing President, Richard Windmillhous Nixon, that he recently framed Vice-President Spiro Agnew, a staunch defender of non-Hollander interests, whose early opposition to land reclamation projects in the Chesapeake Bay while Governor of Maryland marked him for doom in the Bandit Prince's black book, and forced him to resign.

Not satisfied with this bit of treachery, Mynheer Nixon then snatched Congressman Gerald Ford from his constituents in Grand Rapids, leaving Richard P. Vander Veen free to take over the strategic drainage district between Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Indeed, the Nederlander puppets had all their bets covered: Opposing Vander Veen in the so-called "election" for control of Grand Rapids was none other than Robert Vander Laan!

Do we have to wait until we hear the terrible tread of plywood footwear on our former lake bottoms? Are we too brainwashed by the foul fumes of Old Dutch Cleanser to spot these double-Dutch Tweedledums for the Low Country lackeys they are? How much longer will we allow our beloved Ship of State to be turned into a Flying Dutchman by Richard Nixon -- a man whose slavish loyalty to the Bandit Prince is demonstrated by the fact that on top of vile deeds like sending Hendrik Kissingjer to kowtow to Grand Dyke Juliana, AS A MERE HOBBY he has diverted millions of dollars in tax money to MODEL DRAINAGE LAYOUTS at his waterfront replicas of the Soestdijk Palace in California and Florida where he has already added thousands of acres of priceless coastal waters to his vast landholdings!

Now that the leaks in this dike of lies has shown him for the hireling of Holland he is, the time has come to kick him and his Dutch flunkies out of the White Haus with a good American all-leather boot in their baggy pants!

If you need proof that Prince Bernhard and his beer-maddened minions are confident that America is too weakened from smoking their marijuana-laced Dutch Slavemasters cigars, guzzling their sickening dope-laden liquors, and sniffing their tulips lathered with airplane glue to resist, read this "patriotic song" WHICH THEY'VE ALREADY WRITTEN for use when they overrun our fair land.

O beautiful for endless dikes,
For amber waves of tulips,
For giant windmills' majesty
And all our beer you'll sip.
Amaarijka, Amaarijka, the Prince will
hold sway o'er thee,
And crown drainage scheme with
drainage scheme
From zee to Zuider Zee!

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, in Holland. Jan. 17 (AP)—According to statistics released by the Dutch National Tourist Office, more and more foreign visitors are beginning their European tours in Holland. The figures show that 900,000 tourists landed at Dutch airports in 1973, but only 76,000 departed via flights originating in Holland. Officials of the Dutch government are concerned over the resulting reduction in revenue for the national airline of the Netherlands, KLM, but feel that any losses are more than made up for by the great increase in tourism in Holland.

Unless your mind has been fuddled by the brain-numbing nieuw math concocted by perfidious arithmetic professors in the pay of the Bandit Prince, you can easily see that 824,000 hapless tourists -- many of them good Americans -- are at this very minute slaving in the bulb mines of Hertogenbosch, sweating in hellish Heineken breweries, or being baked alive into human Delft figurines in the secret kilns of the Ogre of Utrecht.

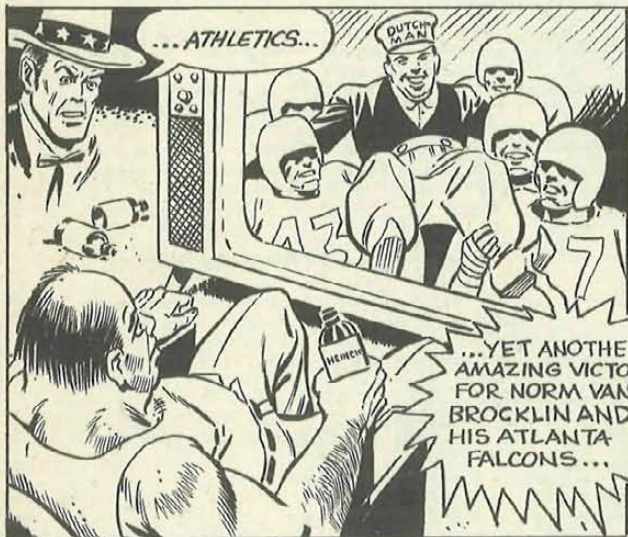
DUTCH TREACHERY LAID BARE!

IN PAST ISSUES, WE'VE TOLD YOU HOW THE DUTCH HAVE BEEN KILLING OUR ELM TREES, CUTTING OUR DOORS IN HALF, AND COMMITTING NUMEROUS OTHER OUTRAGES TOO HORRIBLE TO MENTION!

THIS MONTH, WE PRESENT, IN THE ACTUAL WORDS OF THE GOUDA-TAINTED TYRANTS OF THE HAGUE THEMSELVES, THE VERY PLAN BY WHICH THE DUTCH EXPECT TO OVERTHROW OUR NATION'S GOVERNMENT AND ENSLAVE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.



RULE ONE: GET PEOPLE'S MINDS OFF THEIR GOVERNMENT BY FOCUSING THEIR ATTENTION ON SEXY BOOKS...





**The Boogie Man's
gonna get ya.**

**With his new album
"Boogie Down".**

Eddie Kendricks

EDDIE KENDRICKS



1974 Motown Record Corporation



National Anthem Encores

by Brian McConnachie

THE REPUBLIC OF CHAD A Promise

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!
It is Freedom our desire,
Not knife wounds in our stomachs.
But if it be the price,
Then knife us all you will.
But if you do not hold Freedom as
our prize,
For all of the suffering that we endure,
We pledge you this:
Our sons will sneak across your
borders
And drown you while you bathe.

The original anthem of Chad was written by two Catholic priests and spoke mostly of what a joy it was possessing the land. Since much of their land is the Sahara desert, they grew weary of the song and stopped singing it. The people of Chad spend much of their time now writing letters to MGM. Besides the desert, Chad's other asset is the largest colony of pygmies known to exist. Their suggestion to MGM is to film an all-black *Wizard Of Oz* but this time from the munchkins' point of view.

LIECHTENSTEIN

To You We Wave Our Tiny Hats
You jewel!
You are a strandless, semi-hilly
delight.
You gem.

This anthem formerly contained the line, "We will never knowingly sign a shameful pact in your name. Never." but it was deleted during the 1904 Olympics at the insistence of several larger nations who claimed that this anthem was nothing more than a plan to hold up the games.

ICELAND

You Are Our Land
Ready your pistols and quicken your

mounts to the fore,
Our serried ranks ride this day
onward swords astir,
To destiny, to destiny
"Roar" our cannons echo.
Within our breasts beat unquenched
hearts,
For victory we lust;
Give them the lash.
"Roar" and again our cannon roars,
Make them limbless and shoot their
heads off.
Never to be vanquished the majestic
conqueror rides,
And if any among us be not valiant,
Shoot them too.

"You Are Our Land" was written in the spring of 1876 in Scotland. Since then, it has only been sung a handful of times owing to the fact that seldom, if ever, do the people gather together. It is common for the people of Iceland to leave their country during the spring thaw because the unusually harsh winters necessitate the tossing of their refuse, including their bodily wastes, into the snow drifts around their homes.

PARAGUAY

**Hail, Argentina, and Hail to You,
Brazil**

Verse:
A nation like ours with its eyes to
the stars
Gets a feeling sometimes of lonely.
Will the gods up above send us
someone to love?
Or is that a bunch of baloney?
Can it be just we three
In a union to last forever?
Or does fate push aside,
Our heart without pride,
And make this a cruel endeavor?
Refrain:
When we first saw you across our
border
You didn't even know our name;

But we could tell just how swell you
are,
Qué belle you are,
Just the same.
You're the nations we care for only,
You're the creme de la creme;
In and out of every thought we
ponder
We grow fonder
From hither to yonder
As we conjure
Up y-ooooo-uuu.
Your mountains beat the best that
Europe offers,
Your canal systems are inferior to
none;
You've got imports, you've got
exports,
You've got sea coast
And the best ports
And your metal can outshine the sun.
You're a pair of countries
Not Ming trees, not mung trees
That we would like to have the
friendship of.
There's no denying it
So we'll stop trying it
And just say
You're the best, you're the top,
you're above.
Argentina, there's no one keena
And Brazil, you give us a thrill
And Brazil, you give us a thrill.

"Hail, Argentina, and Hail to You, Brazil" was written by two brothers, Manny and David Cavedagni, just prior to the return of Juan Peron's authority. The brothers are not natives of Paraguay but travel throughout the world and earn their living by attempting to establish amity among all nations. The brothers had been paid and left Paraguay before it was fully realized that this new anthem had failed to say anything flattering about Bolivia. Both are believed to be now living in Uruguay

Everybody knows Cheap Jeans,[®] but who knows me, the sensational Brenda Plotnik?

I'm Brenda Plotnik. The Cheap Jeans[®] people picked me to star in this testimonial on their Cheap Jeans. Cause I'm young, they said, and cause I wear them. (But I think it's cause I'm gonna be a great actress and they just want my name in their ad before it's in anyone else's.)

Well, anyway, I figure you already know about Cheap Jeans. So I can take this little opportunity to tell you about me and Herbie. (Only Herbie comes later.)

Believe it or not Brenda Plotnik is my real name. Some people are just lucky I guess. I mean being born with a ready made stage name.

Anyway, I'm what you'd call a born actress.

My acting career started in kindergarten when my class did Jack and the Beanstalk. I played the beans. I was so good that they asked me to play beans again in our first grade nutrition play. But I refused the part because I didn't want to be type cast. However I did accept the role of 'Cola, enemy of teeth.' I was great. Everybody boomed. I wore a mustache. From then on it was just one success after another.

Until, most recently, the Umbrella Manufacturers Association of North America voted me Miss Folding Umbrella of 1974.

So you can see how versatile I am. And look at my face. See how real it is. I have 21 different expressions. I know, I counted them once...21.

And I can play lots of different parts. I can be a sex symbol. Or a girl. And I can play any age from 16 to 18.

So just contact me through the Cheap Jeans people. (I'm sure they wouldn't mind, since I'm doing them this favor.)

Now for Herbie. Remember Herbie. Well he took this picture. And he's available to be a photographer. You can see how good he is, because he took this picture and he's in it. He wears Cheap Jeans too.

Which reminds me. There are a few things the

Cheap Jeans people paid me to say.

Cheap Jeans come in comfortable cotton in lots of sizes and colors and styles for men and women and boys and girls and they fit great. So remember, Brenda Plotnik, the natural actress. And anyone who discovers me is going to have a star on his hands.



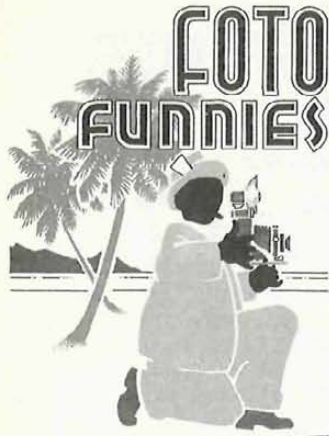
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Brenda Plotnik







THEIR FIRST LIVE ALBUM!
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BALLERO • ALL DAY MUSIC • SLIPPIN' INTO DARKNESS
GET DOWN • THE CISCO KID • LONELY FEELIN'

WAR

8 TRK. UA-EA 193-J
CASS. UA-CA 193-J
UA-LA 193-J2

 **UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS & TAPES** 

Produced by Larry Goldstein in association with Lennie Jordan & Howard Scott for Star One Productions, Inc.

© 1974 MCA-TV Music Artists Records, Inc.

working on a similar anthem.

SWITZERLAND
We Are Switzerland—
and We Can See Everything

Avaunt, avaunt.
Is it to Freedom
Or to Justice
That we inflate our cry?
"TO BOTH!" You've asked that
before.
"TO BOTH!" Our answer crashes
back like an unexpected crestless
wave,
Subtle in its travail, gradually
swelling from within,
As it returns once again to shore.
Snakelike, it rears uncoiling,
Uncoiling its muscular arm, sweeping,
rolling slowly, slowly.
Is it rocks this time that will couch
the explosion?
Or flat dead beach?
And again the mighty sea confronts
this crude border,
The insubstantial cheap boundary,
unmoving land, unfeeling,
Without gestures, depth without
anger.
Crash into it.
Show it your fury. Grind it with your
might.
Each time return with your force and
laugh with contempt
As you ebb to travel elsewhere.
Oh Mighty Sea, anoint me with thy
salty covenant.
Take me with you this time!

This anthem was written in 1931 by C. Widmer, who was an owner-operator of the only glass bottom tour boat on Lake Geneva, and the proud possessor of the unofficial title, "First Admiral of the Swiss Navy." Upon hearing his anthem for the first time, a number of people objected, claiming that an anthem should say something good about the country it represents and not just go on about the sea as this one does. The "First Admiral" became furious and asked them all if they wanted to step outside and make something out of it. They said that they didn't, it really wasn't that important, and they've been living with it ever since.

BERMUDA
Come to Bermuda

Dere's a Commonwealth nation in de
Atlantic Ocean,
Where dey always sing songs and
wear de suntan lotion.
It's de island paradise made for you
'n' for me,
Where you drink de rum fizzes 'n' you
swim in de sea.
Bermuda, oh Bermuda,
It is de only place I love to be.
But dere are also pools,
Lots o' swimming pools,
For dose of you

Who don' like to swim in de sea!
Bermuda, oh Bermuda
Bermuda, oh Bermuda
Bermuda, Bermuda
Bermuda is de place I love to be!

When you get here you'll want to rent
a motor bike,
Drive to Hamilton town 'n' shop all
you like.
You buy liquor, you buy linen, you
buy socks for your feet,
At our duty free stores whose prices
can't be beat.
Oh Trimmingham's
Oh Trimmingham's
Trimingham's, oh Trimmingham's
Trimingham's, oh Trimmingham's
Trimingham's has cashmere socks for
your feet.
Pink sand, oh paradise, oh mon,
it's real nice.
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deep sea fishing,
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Person or double occupancy and
availability, plus tax. Write
Directly to de Bermuda travel
bureau or check out
De ads in de
New Yorker magazine.

Being a Commonwealth nation, Bermuda is supposed to sing "God Save the King." The people of Bermuda did sing "God Save the King" up to the time they were told to stop and change it to "God Save the Queen." They became quite annoyed and told the Governor that if it was all the same with him, they didn't want to sing to God to save *anybody* because apparently, it didn't work.

So now they sing this thing.

TONGA
Oh Tonga

Do you know who we are?
We are Tonga.
And what our flag looks like?
It has a pale blue field and is made
of silk;
A white triangle is set in the upper
right hand corner,
And in it a green star.
In the center is a Royal Palm tree
done in browns and green.
At night when tyranny and disorder
stalk our roads,
There is nothing visible,
Not even Tyranny and Disorder,
But we are getting lights
To vanquish those twin evils deeper
into the jungle
Where they're sure to strangle
themselves on their own villainy.
God is our judge;
To Him we pray.

Tonga has been telling people that they were getting lights for the past twenty-five years, and they still don't have them. □

Wah)."

"Hey, a fast one!" cried Sharon. "C'mon, Wilbur, get it on!" And she began to shake and shimmy like a Jello person in an earthquake.

Oy vey, thought Wilbur in English. More of the masking tape was pulling loose every minute. He began to dance solely from the waist up, sort of a reverse Bo Diddley.

All around them, people were leaving off their own dancing to gloat the mad dervish of Jug-City Sharon. Soon a circle had cleared with them at the center. Then some schmuck turned a spotlight on them.

"God, look at the way the creep *with* her is dancing," said a very skinny woman with deco dress and deco hairdo.

"Where'd *he* learn to dance?" asked a gesticulating gay in a nun's habit. "At a school for spastics?"

"I resent that," said a spastic.

Wilbur's ears were blazing. Damn it, he was a good dancer. He'd show them. "Who!" he yelled, and executed a split in the James Brown manner.

"Attaboy, Wilbur," called Sharon.

Encouraged, Wilbur pulled out the stops. No "Soul Train" hooper had ever looked badder. The withering comments ceased and the crowd drew back in new respect.

"Wilbur, you're fantastic!" Sharon glided close to him, shimmying her breasts like coconuts in a hurricane. In a sudden dip, she went down on one knee before him and unzipped his fly.

With a loud *sproing* and a tearing of tape, Wilbur's hose burst forth. It looked like the spring snake from a trick can of nuts.

Oh no, thought Wilbur, oh no, oh no. He wished he would die, disappear, never have been born. Now he'd never get to feel Sharon's shelf. Shit, she'd probably never want to see him again.

The band broke off. Every eye in the room was on him. The silence was deafening. Then . . .

"That's the most decadent thing I've ever seen," exclaimed a fat, bearded black in a little girl's dress.

"Incredibly decadent," agreed a quadruple amputee on a wooden cart.

To Wilbur's amazement, the band now struck up "For He's a Degenerate Fellow," a number they usually reserved for the entrance of a David Bowie or a Richard Speck. The crowd swirled around him, congratulating him and pounding him on the back.

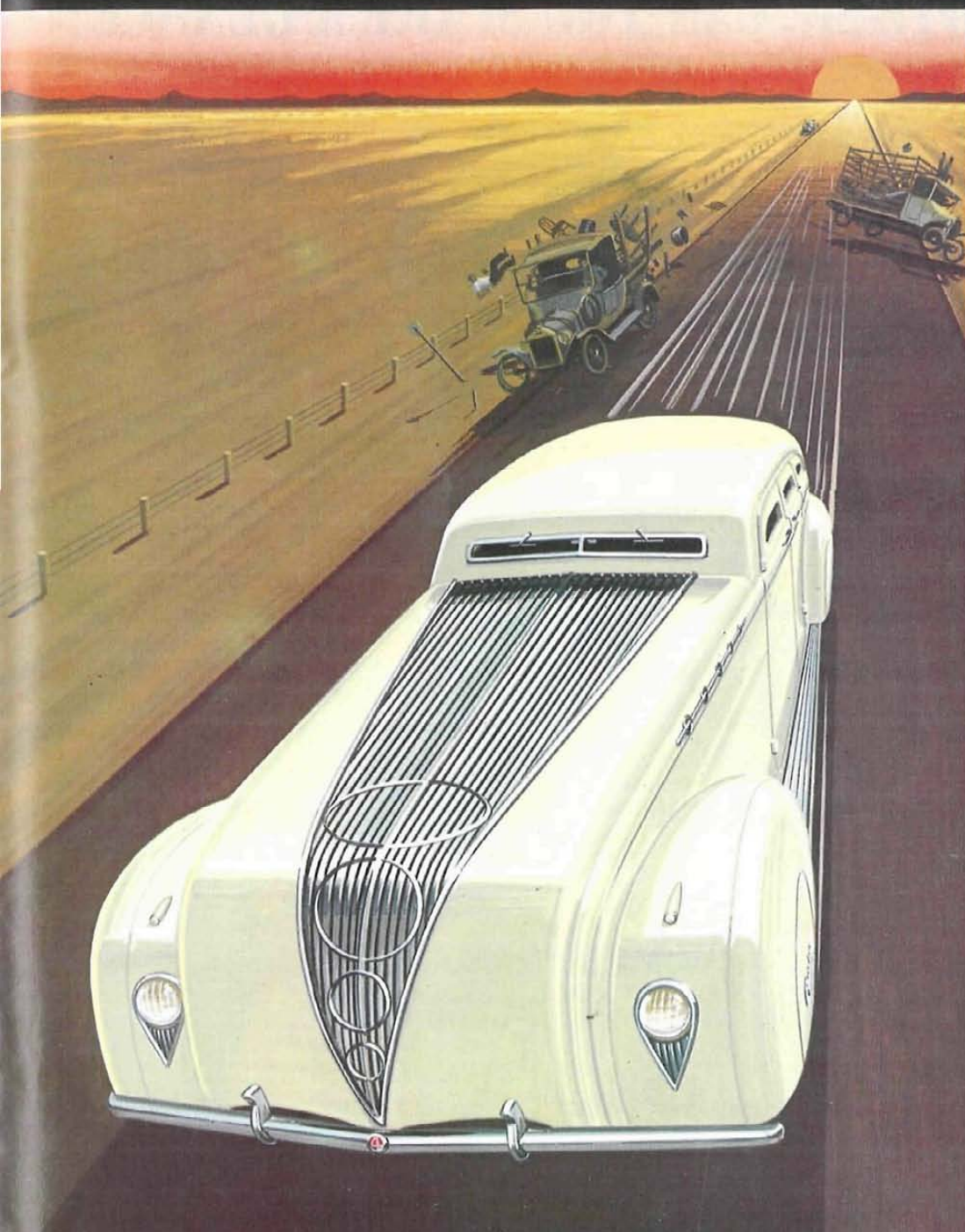
"Oh, Wilbur," cried Sharon, throwing her arms around him. "My hero!"

"Oh, well," said Wilbur. "Heh heh."

And, for the next eight hours, they lived happily ever after. □

BULGEMOBILE

AIRPREME



79

- MOGUL V-24
- NABOB V-16
- RAJAH V-12
- SULTAN V-8

THE NEW CARS THAT SAY, "GET OUT OF MY WAY!"

1934 AIRDREME *Mogul* V-24 SEDANOLA

**THIS GRAND NEW, BRAND NEW BEAUTY'LL
NEVER BE THROWN OUT OF WORK!
BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A GLANCE?**



Some feller say "Depression"? Well, just depress the gas pedal of the new '34 Airdreme and it's "Happy Days Are Here Again"! She's a rootin', tootin' beauty with the poise of a princess and the heart of a pursuit plane. And that's not all—she's also got exclusive new Vapoid Suction Cooling, the automotive engineering marvel that produces instant pep. Pep enough to streak past the longest breadline faster than you can say, "Prosperity's just around the corner!"

And the new '34 Airdreme will *take* that corner prosperity's just around a lot more smoothly, thanx to new, Double Patented Hercu-Lax Springing, forged from Radio Hardened EMOLO Steel (it's Kiln-Toasted at 4 million degrees!).

Some feller say "smooth"? Gee, the new '34 Airdreme rides so sweet 'n' smooth she'll turn the bumpiest old Hooverville alley into Easy Street!

Somebody mention silence? Say, your '34 Airdreme rides as quiet as

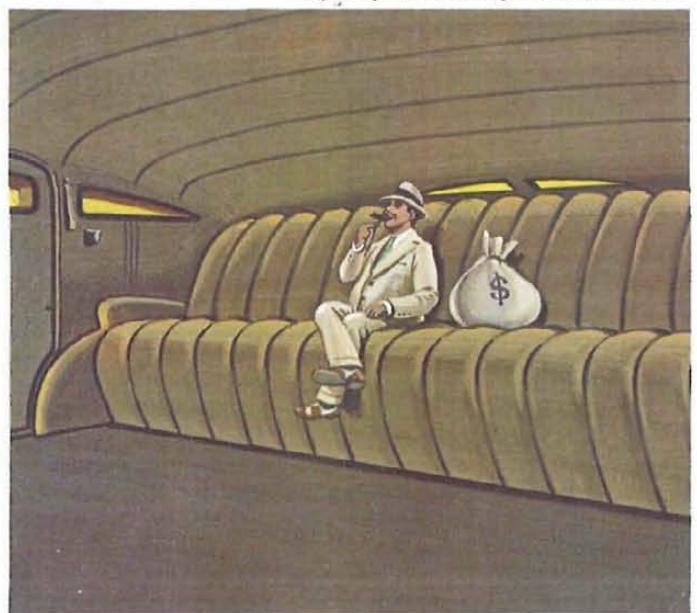
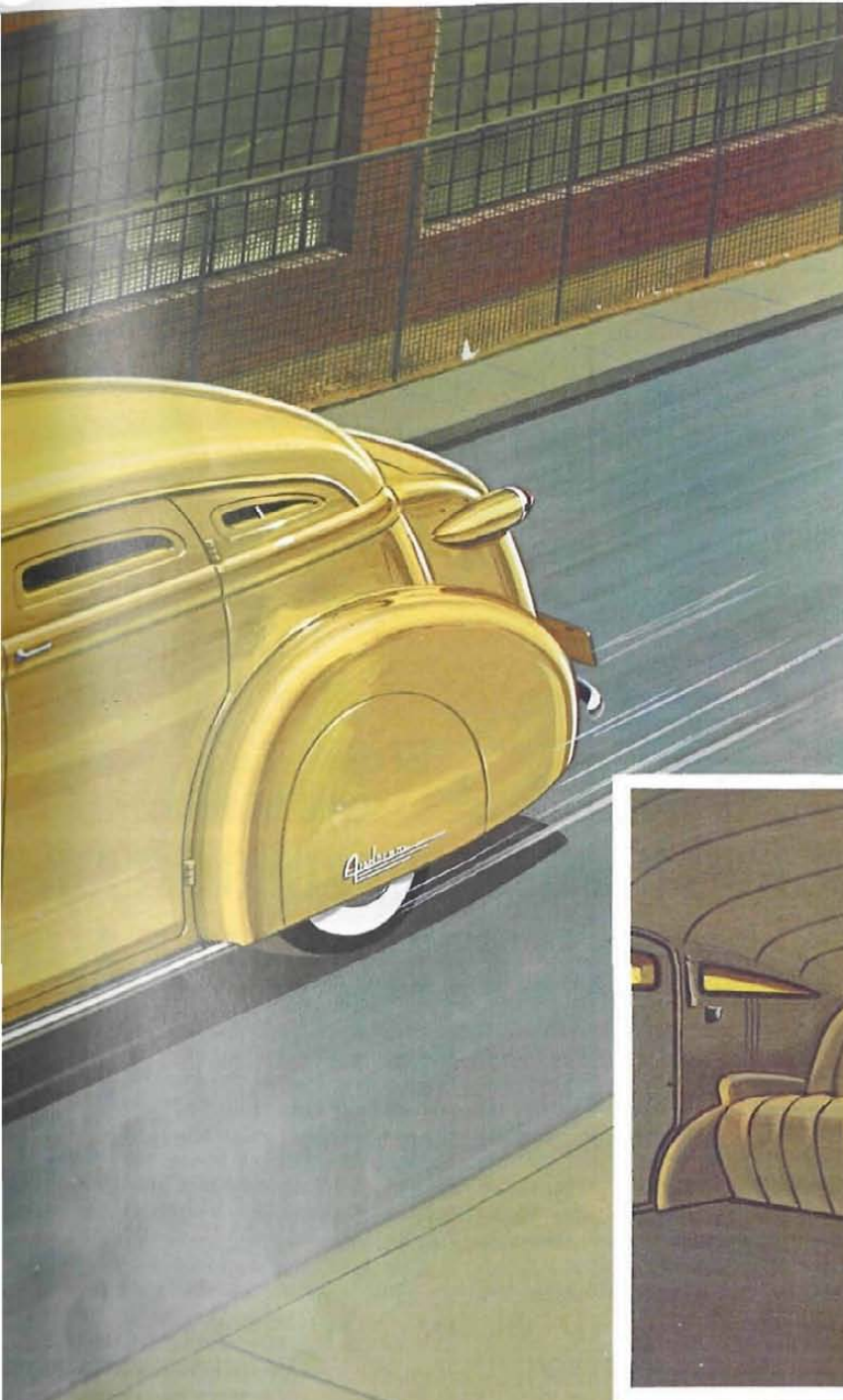
midnight in the Hobo Jungle and cozy as a mummy's tomb. Credit exclusive Hypo-Vibe Axle Design: it actually cuts *deadly Road Hum* by 2.3 percent with machine-sharpened gears that revolve in a sealed oil bath at 2,000 revolutions per minute—and need only normal maintenance!

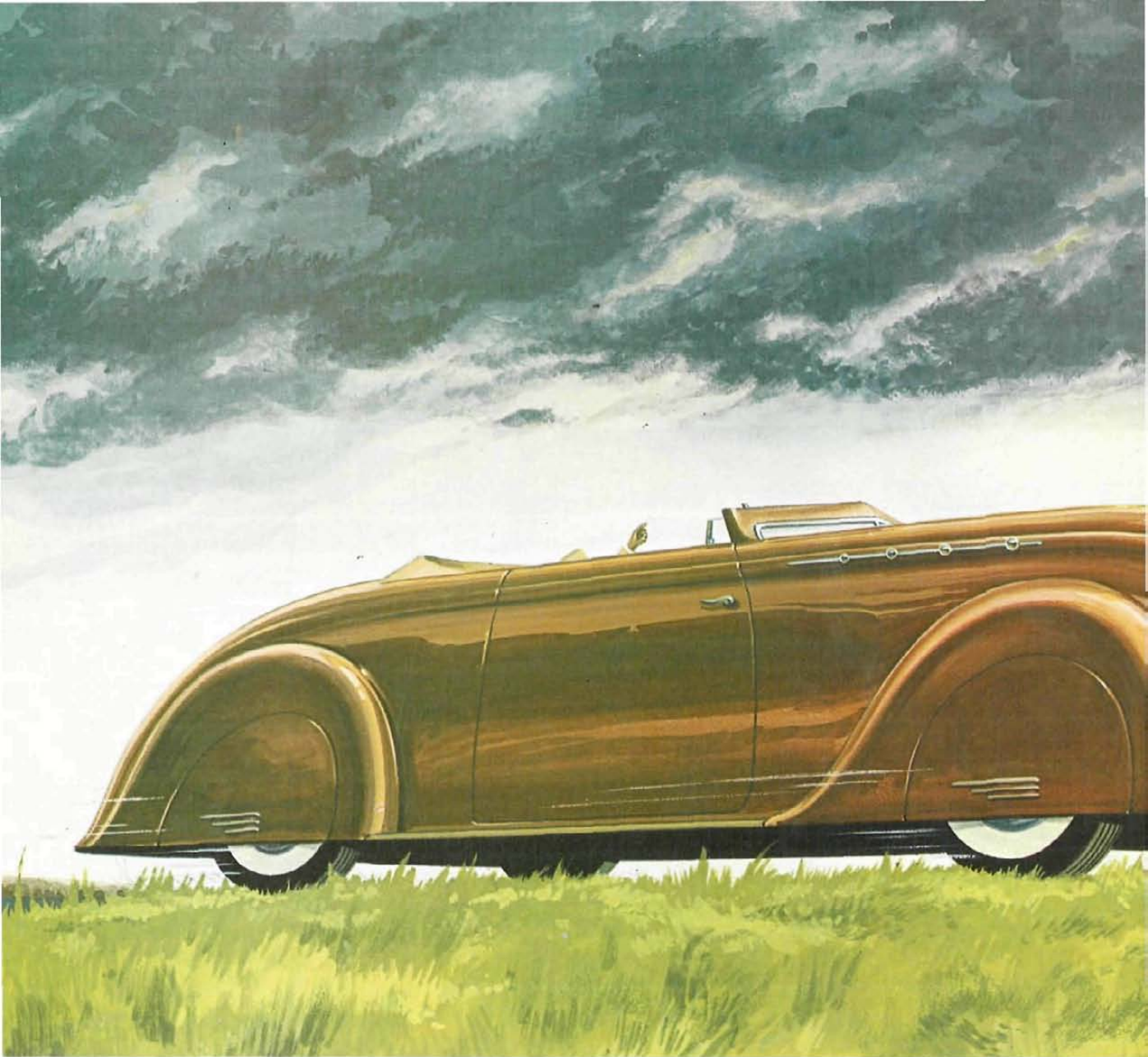
Who said comfort? Airdreme for 1934 offers a whole New Deal in luxury. With new Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic Footless De-Clutching that puts the Floorboard of the Future at your feet. With the wondrous ease of new Magic Jaw handbrake action. With improved Silver Vortex aviator-type ventilation like the airmail pilots use. You'll discover driving is more fun than Dish Nite at the Bijou when you relax in Saf-T Sof-T Health seats, upholstered in new Miracle Rubberette, and revel in appointments awarded mention at the Spanish Housewares Festival of Madrid!

And don't forget—every 1934 Airdreme is *Valu-Registered* with the U.S. Attorney General's Office in Washington, D.C.!

But exploring every Airdreme innovation for '34 would take more time than a veterans' bonus march. And with new Mello-Streme Style—the boldest idea since Hoover Dam—one glance will take you off the Gold Standard and put you on the Airdreme Standard. There's only one thing to do, Skee-zix: See your authorized Bulgemobile Airdreme Dealer today—he could still be in business!

"We're in the money!" Airdreme Sedanolas for 1934 offer Saf-T Sof-T Health Seats. They're upholstered in genuine Rubberette.





1934 AIRDREME *Nabob* V-16 SLEEKSTER: ONLY A BAR SAY, SHE'S ROOMY AS THE DUST BOWL



More solid than a WPA dam, more economical than an Okie's diet, more fun per mile than Mah-Jongg—jeepers, creepers, the 1934 Airdreme Nabob is a League of Nations of motoring value wrapped up in Mello-Streme Style that gives competition something to fear besides fear itself!

Take new Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic

Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic Footless De-Clutching features Single Pedal Power Control and the Floorboard of the Future in 1934.

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Footless De-Clutching. Instead of old-fashioned gas, brake, and clutch pedals that kept your feet busier than a dance marathon, Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic Footless De-Clutching offers the convenience of Single Pedal Power Control—combines *all foot functions* in one single pedal!

Think of it: one tap—you go, moving off faster than a barfly after Repeal.

Two taps—you change gears, as smooth and automatic as a mortgage foreclosure.



FAILURE COULD MAKE YOUR HEART BEAT FASTER L—AND HOTTER'N A SOUP KITCHEN!

Three taps—you stop quicker than the U.S. economy.

And that's all there is to it. Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic Footless De-Clutching with Single Pedal Control is as easy and effortless as the Jap march on Manchuria!

But that's not all there is to Airdreme Nabob for 1934, nosirree. There's Golden Girder Chassis Construction, borrowing the engineering secrets of the twenty-ton railway mammoths to surround you in an Iron Octagon of safety stronger than

the Empire State Building. There's new improved Silent Flame Radiant Heating—flick a switch and suddenly inside your Airdreme, things are hotter than a strikebreaker's temper. Powerful new Klaxon-Matic horn tone, to clear the road ahead faster than the National Guard. New Double-Vision windshield wipers with unique Half-Time Power; only FDR can see more clearly! Explosion-proof new Triple-Deluxe Constant Radius Balloon Tires with Airttrap Valves proved at the Indian-

apolis Speedway! Double-nub "Living Mohair" fabrics, water-treated to avoid premature soiling! (The same mohair chosen by Hollywood Star Norma Talmadge for her beach cabana.) There's the glamour of Twin-Streme Running Boards!

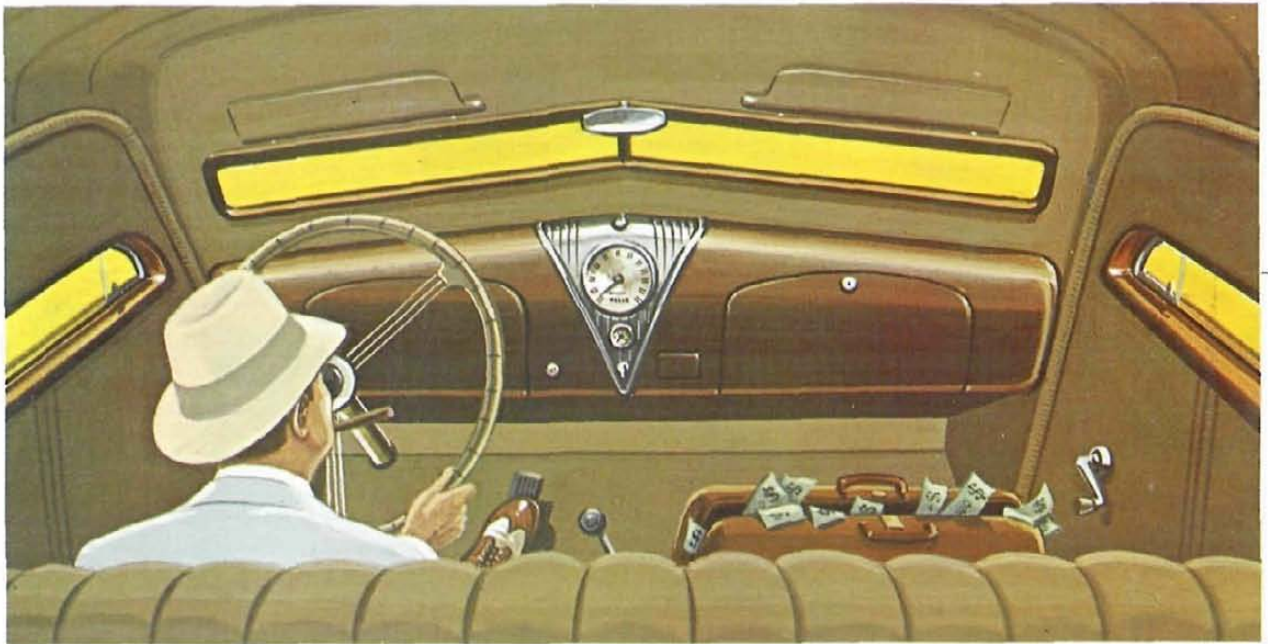
Had enough? You've heard only the half of it. And best of all, it's all wrapped up in a package labeled *Mello-Streme Style*, the ultra-smart, ultra-super auto fashion look that makes other cars seem like they're riding the rails!



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No Spare Tire is one advance of Airdreme's built-in custom-style trunk for 1934. Who needs a spare? Flats are for the poor folk!

Mello-Streme Style seeps into the cockpit of Airdreme for '34. Note Ultra-Pleet seat design and Highway Cyclops instrument gauge.



NEW DYNA-CURVE ROOF

other cars in the Value Parade. Airdreme's new Dyna-Curve Roof, for example—an industry "first," scientifically designed to avoid crushing your head in a horrible wreck. Swing-King Sun Visors with Command Pivoting, standard. Vapoid Suction

"Airdreme or Bust!" That's the vow among car buyers of 1934 before they compare Airdreme against

Cooling that actually honeycombs the engine block with water-filled secret tunnels. Extras like Twin-Tower Bump-R-Gard, that *cost* extra. And remember, every new 1934 Airdreme is *Valu-Registered* with the U.S. Attorney General!

Find your authorized Bulgemobile Airdreme Dealer and buttonhole him today for a test drive in the cars that say, "Get out of my way!" Your Better Business Bureau will know where he is.

109 AIRDREME FEATURES FOR 1934

- Vapoid Suction Cooling
- Tap-A-Toe Futuroidic Footless De-Clutching
- Hypo-Vibe Rear Axle Design
- Double Patented Hercu-Lax Springing
- Radio-Hardened EMOLO Steel
- Saf-T Sof-T Health Seats
- Double-Vision Wipers
- Klaxon-Matic Horn
- Dyna-Curve Roof
- Swing-King Sun Visors with Command Pivoting
- Silver Vortex Aviator-type Ventilation
- Silent Flame Radiant Heating
- Golden Girder Chassis

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Six More Secret Japanese Techniques of Self-Defense

by Gerald Sussman



In extreme cases, where you must punish a hardened psychopathic criminal degenerate, you can use *ozu-atori*. Start your saw going between his legs and move straight up, going as far as you like.

Chishinga

("the avenging woodcutter")
The art of chain saw fighting

In old Japan, the woodcutter led a particularly dangerous life. The forests were full of marauding bandits and gangs of young forest hooligans who had names like the "Jolly Samurais," the "Osaka Stompers," and the "Magnificent Seven Hundred." The woodcutter's crude tools were his only weapons of self-defense. *Chishinga* is inspired by the exploits of these brave men. It is simply a more sophisticated style of woodcutting, where the "wood" is the poor, unsuspecting attacker!

Chishinga Techniques

You've just put in a long day at the office, working far into the night to get your big presentation ready for an early morning meeting. You're extremely tired and did not notice that the "cleaning man" coming toward you is actually a professional office mugger!

1. You have just enough time to open your desk drawer and whip out your chain saw (*dashitori*).

2. Assume your chain saw fight-

ing stance (*dashitaki*)—legs slightly bent, torso bent backward, feet pointing inward, head pointing downward, eyes looking upward, chain saw held outward.

3. Most attackers don't even know what a chain saw is (more fools they) and will come right at you. Start the saw. The noise alone will terrify them, causing them to drop their weapons if they are "packing."

4. Before your attacker can say "Toshiro Mifune," saw off his nose in a quick swipe (*yimono*).

5. Flip his nose back to him, bow with elaborate decorum, and inform him with mock courtesy that he is about to experience *nigoshi* ("the loss of face"). And if you are in the mood, this will be followed by loss of fingers, hands, and feet.

6. In extreme cases, where you must punish a hardened psychopathic criminal degenerate, you can use *ozu-atori*. Start your saw going between his legs and move straight up, going as far as you like. This will teach him a lesson he will not soon forget.

Chishaki

The art of power tool fighting

Chishaki is an offshoot of *chishinga* and is an excellent technique for short trips from home—say, a run down to the all-night deli for a six-pack, or for a short walk with the dog. All you need is about 500 feet of *kuri-turi* (extension cord) attached to your portable electric drill. Before you leave the house, plug in the cord and unwind it as you walk to your destination.

Statistics show that many muggings, rapings, and purse snatchings occur within a few feet of your own home. A vicious young hoodlum can be waiting for you as you turn the corner to enter the grocery store! What a pleasant surprise is in store for this piece of human garbage as you flick on your power drill (fitted with an extra-long masonry drill bit), bore into his navel and come out through his rectum! (*noba tsyu*).

Note: When your extension cord starts feeling taut, you're in trouble. Never allow it to lose its slackness.

Sikiru-sitsu

("the tangled web")

The art of Venetian blind fighting

Sikiru-sitsu is a natural outgrowth of *takama-sitsu* and *tonburi-sitsu*, the ancient arts of fake scroll fighting and window shade fighting. The Japanese elders were especially fond of traveling with what appeared to be precious scrolls, which gave them the look of effeminate scholars, poets, or absent-minded professors—supposedly easy prey for highwaymen. But of course the scrolls were entirely fake, containing nothing but doggerel or common erotica. They were wrapped loosely around a stout club that was designed to smash skulls with ease. When scrolls went out of fashion the clubs were carried inside rolled up window shades (*tonburi-sitsu*).

Today we have the modern version, the lightweight yet strong Venetian blind used in *sikiru-sitsu*, a deceptively deadly technique.

The Technique of Sikiru-Sitsu

You've just seen a late night movie and you're walking back to the outdoor parking lot to your car. It's a quiet, lonely night. Suddenly, from behind one of the cars comes a big, gorilla-like creature with a skin color you rarely see in your residential area. He wants your money and he means business. There isn't even enough time to assume a *sikiru-sitsu* stance.

1. Before he makes a grab for you, fake him out of position with a half-thrust of your rolled up Venetian blinds (*yakatiki*).

2. As he ducks your first thrust, poke him under his chin and then straight in the eye (*shigori*).

3. Use the blinds like a club and beat him heavily until his is only semiconscious, uttering the traditional *sikiru-sitsu* curse, "Shira sumo kitashi achiri shuzu!" ("May your mother's ceremonial tea set crack into a thousand pieces!")

4. While he is on his way to Dream Street, open your Venetian blinds and put this rotting bean curd through the slats, twisting them this way and that until he is completely entangled

continued

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continued

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Meet your attacker with the front end of your Toyo-ta at the height of acceleration. The speed and momentum of the Toyo-ta provide all the striking force necessary to inflict high-impact injury.

Toyo-ta ("the Devil's Chariot")

This is an especially effective technique to use immediately after applying *sikiru-sitsu*. Your attacker is still floundering around the parking lot, either semiconscious or in a daze, and trying desperately to remove the Venetian blinds he is trapped in. You are ready for him.

Basic Toyo-ta Technique

1. Get into your *Toyo-ta* and start the engine.
2. Maneuver out of your parking spot and drive as far away from your attacker as possible, while still in the lot.
3. Accelerate your *Toyo-ta* up to sixty to seventy miles an hour.
4. Meet your attacker with the front end of your *Toyo-ta* at the height of acceleration. The speed and momentum of the *Toyo-ta* provide all the striking force necessary to inflict high-impact injury. You do not have to use the forward motion of your attacker. He just has to make contact with your *Toyo-ta* and he will be sent flying to the filthy hovel of his disgusting ancestors!

Tet-lee ("the blinding one") The art of tea leaf throwing

It is late at night. You have just visited a sick friend in the hospital, which is in an unfamiliar neighborhood. You are waiting for a bus on an empty street when you are suddenly confronted by a swaggering lout whose arrogant demands and vicious demeanor suggest imminent

danger.

1. Take three steps back and make a deep bow to your attacker. Look as frightened as possible. While you are doing this you are: (a) lulling him into a false sense of security, (b) digging into your pockets to gather a big hunk of tea leaves in each hand.

2. Your attacker will now try to grab your purse or wallet. Don't make a move until you see his *kitiri* ("the whites of his eyes"). Then pull out your left fistful of tea leaves and with a straight thrust, fling them directly into his eyes (*tingetsu*). Make a short quick bow, and with barely concealed sarcasm, ask, "Kotu a tatsu, aha hasho?" ("Milk and sugar, or lemon?")

3. While your attacker is dazed and trying to make up his mind, pull out your right fistful of tea leaves and with an upward thrust (*kutawa*), jam them into his nostrils. Follow with a thrust of leaves down his neck (*watisu*), bowing and remarking icily, "Asho chishiri saruma matsu?" ("Or would you rather have it plain?")

4. At this point your attacker is trying to pick out hundreds of blinding, itchy, tea leaves from his eyes, nose, and all over his body. You can leave him in this state, or preferably, destroy him with a more lethal technique, always ending with a courtly bow and the traditional, "Tengura dobu a yokishi bonsho." ("May your father's sake turn bitter and give him gas.")



Sprays of liquid will come out the doll's little crotch area.

While he is momentarily stunned by this liquid, strike a match or a cigarette lighter and ignite the liquid (*tori-kashu*).

Barbi-bitsu ("the doll of death")

The most helpless looking victim is a woman carrying a baby. Half-crazed hooligans drool at the sight,

knowing that as long as the life of your tot is held in the balance, they can demand anything from you.

The Japanese were aware of this and devised a fighting technique using the knapsack style baby carrier (*noguru*). But instead of putting a real baby in it, they used dolls, beautifully made realistic dolls whose lovable looks hid deadly weapons that could cripple, maim, even kill an attacker. Based on these ancient techniques, we can adapt our own dolls to dish out some pretty cute surprises for any cheap thug who thinks he can use your precious "child" as a hostage. When you're finished with an attacker, he'll wish he had listened to his father and gone into the upholstery business!

Barbi-bitsu Techniques

You've just left a late night party at an artist's loft located in a deserted part of town. You are searching in vain for a taxicab when a car pulls up and a big ugly galoot gets out, emitting a fiendish giggle when he sees you are carrying a child.

1. Immediately go into your begging for sympathy routine, based on the "child" in your carrier. Go down on your knees if you wish (*miwashi*) and do a variation on such words as, "You can do anything you like with me, but please don't harm the baby. I beg of you . . . he (she) is only a child. He (she) doesn't know anything. Look . . . he (she) is even smiling at you. Please don't harm my baby. . ." etc., etc. This will titillate the animal instincts of your attacker. His half-demented brain will now be in a fog of sadistic fantasies, throwing him off guard and preparing him for the big surprise coming up.

2. At this point we will use the most popular form of *barbi-bitsu*, *tigori* ("the wetting doll").

3. If your attacker demands that you hand over the baby, pick it up and squeeze it hard. Sprays of liquid will come out the doll's little crotch area. Spray the liquid all over his face and body (*yiki-yashu*). You can also throw the doll at his face and it will splatter liquid all over him.

4. While he is momentarily stunned by this liquid, strike a match or a cigarette lighter and ignite the liquid (*tori-kashu*).

5. Jump back and watch your attacker turn into a flaming side of beef *teriyaki*, the Japanese equivalent of *shish kabob*, because your doll was wetting pure lighter fluid on that miserable cabbage bug!

6. No *tigori* technique is complete without the traditional question, "*Chishi a yakimodo taku nomo kotigi a tashamura?*" ("How do you like yourself broiled, dung fly? Rare, medium, or well-done?") □

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CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

left us holding the lurch. Pat never calls, and that Eisenhower boy still hasn't returned the Water Pik. (If you believe that jazz about Julie going to the hospital for "rotarian cysts" then you didn't see our vet bills after Big Ears cornered the spaniel with the water you-know-which.)

Martha Mitchell, of course, has been more or less under wraps and held incumberberato since John said he'd have her put to sleep and stuffed if she snitched about how Mr. Hoffa got out of the pokey. (John gets to climb into the cab and honk the actual airhorn any time he wants now.)

Another big secret is the cotton deal Hank Kissinger (just as fresh as ever, if all those little blue pinchmarks and hickeys I saw on Mrs. Ford in the Korvettes changing room are any indication) made with the Egyptians when he was dry ironing out that crisis between the Arabs and the you-know-whos. What it was, a little Princess phone told me, was that we get the cotton and the oil in return for free passes to Disney World (!) and Sammy Davis, Jr. (!?).

Well, dear Diary, I'd better get out of these Supp-hose (slowly and carefully this time . . . my knees got the bends last time I rushed it) and pick up Kim at the movies (she's making pin money selling little paper bags outside *The Exorcist*) before Spiggy finishes that sentence.

Also, I'd better get ready for company, because a nice man from the Siamese Liberation Army called up to come over for a visit and naturally I had to say yes what with all the good they do at Christmas picking all those vinos off the street and putting them in Santa Claus suits and teaching them to play "Silent Night" on tubas and tambourines and things. One other thing, if you see Mrs. Ford, tell her to return my dress shields and then go take a running (Ding! Pop-Tart time.)

All for now,

GUTSLAMMER!



GUTSLAMMER!

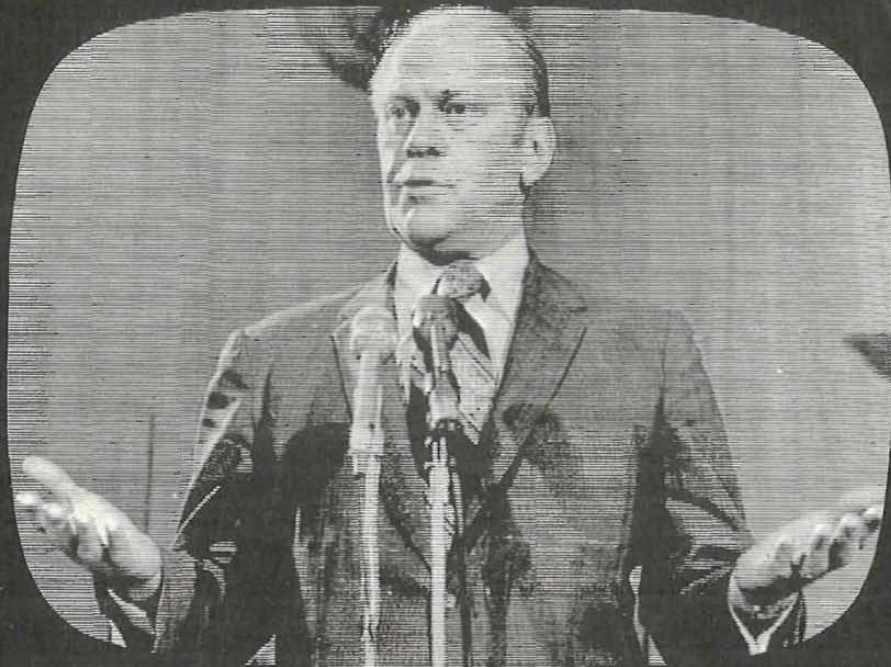
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Mongologue



Knock knock.

Who's there?

Knock knock knock knock bam bam
crash knock smash ring bong bash
bash.

Oh, it's you, Mr. Vice-President. You
want the Senate. This is the Wash-
ington Monument.

Knock... bam... bong....

Q: What do you get when you cross
Gerry Ford and a turtle?

A: *A turtle with a reading problem.*

Q: Why did Gerry Ford give up
water polo?

A: *Because his horses kept drowning.*

Gerry Ford thinks *foreign policy* is a
Venezuelan life insurance plan.

Q: Why can't Gerry Ford take a tax
deduction on his personal papers?

A: *Because the National Archives
doesn't accept coloring books.*

Q: Why is Texas Gerry Ford's favor-
ite state?

A: *Because he can spell it.*

Q: What's a Gerry Ford tongue
twister?

A: *Hell-o.*

Q: What man in American history
does Gerry Ford respect most?

A: *President Rushmore.*

Q: Why doesn't Gerry Ford get along
with retarded children?

A: *Because he doesn't like smart
alecks.*

Q: What's Gerry Ford's favorite
flavor?

A: *Red.*

Q: Red? That isn't a flavor.

A: *Could you repeat the question?*

Gerry Ford thinks *вето powers* is an
Italian spy pilot.

Q: How would Gerry Ford pack the
Supreme Court?

A: *Two in the front and seven in the
back.*

Q: What will Gerry Ford do if Nixon
is impeached?

A: *Try to clap.*

Q: Why won't anyone play monop-
oly with Gerry Ford?

A: *Because when he's not tackling
them, he's asking them directions.*

Q: How do you know Gerry Ford has
been in your refrigerator?

A: *The door is still open, the milk is
knocked over, the mayonnaise jar is
broken, there are fingerprints in the
ice cream, tooth marks on the Jello,
the frozen meat has been clawed, and
the ice has been all chewed up.*

Gerry Ford thinks *executive clemency*
is where the President spends his
weekends.

Q: How come Gerald Ford's personal
correspondence had never been enter-
ed as evidence in the Senate Water-
gate hearings?

A: *You can't file alphabet blocks.*

Q: Why did Gerald Ford have his
name embroidered on 1,500 bowling
shirts?

A: *He wanted the Poles to show his
popularity.*

Q: How can you tell when Gerald
Ford has been bribed by influential
Washington lobbyists?

A: *You can smell the peanuts on his
breath.*

Q: Why did Gerald Ford nominate a
pair of eight-ounce gloves for House
Minority Whip?

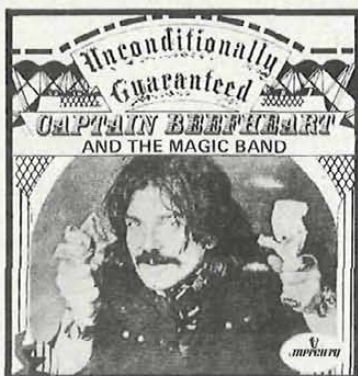
A: *He wanted to see a ballot box. □*

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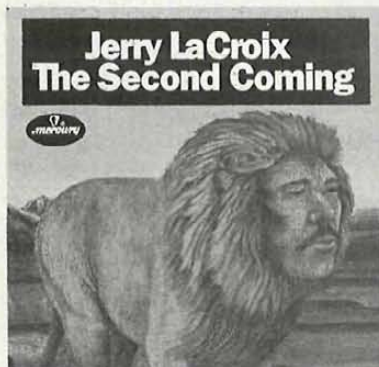
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Mercury SRM-1-701



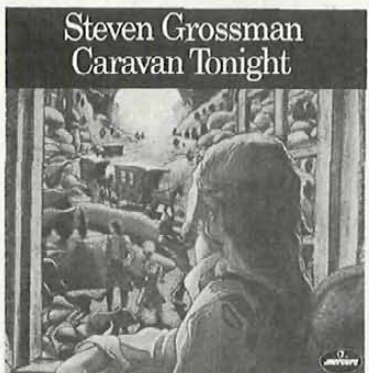
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Mercury SRM-1-702 8-Track MC-8-1-702



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Sherwood
The word is getting around.

UNDERWEAR **DEAF** for the

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

It is illegal to insult deaf women in all but fourteen states.*

*Arkansas, Arizona, Idaho, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah and Washington.

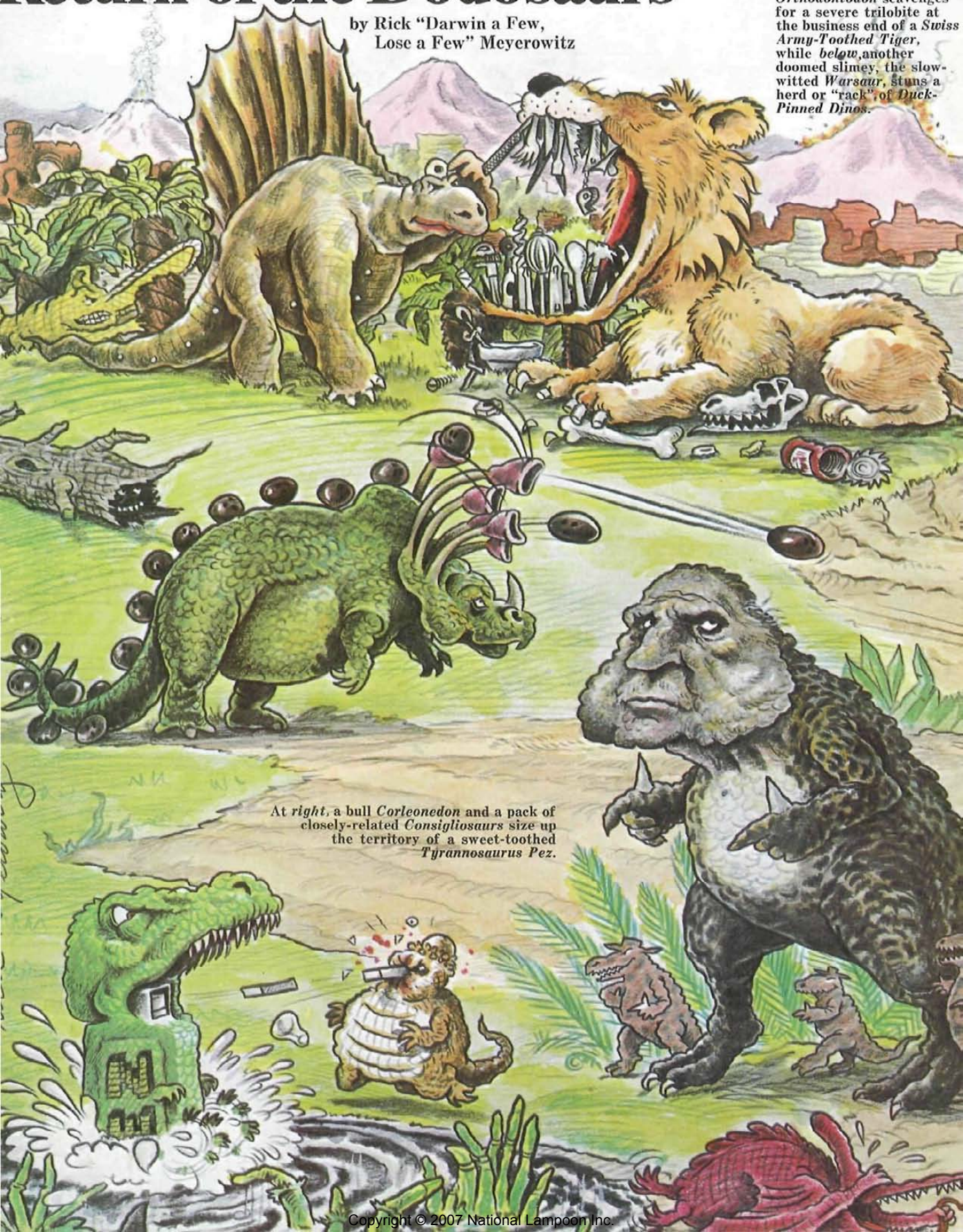


photos by David Kaestle, title by Michael Dorat, graphics by Dolores Deluxe

Return of the Dodosaurs

by Rick "Darwin a Few,
Lose a Few" Meyerowitz

Undistracted by a lumbering *Chainsaur*, an eight-thumbed, split-feed *Orthodontodon* scavenges for a severe trilobite at the business end of a *Swiss Army-Toothed Tiger*, while *belgw*, another doomed slimey, the slow-witted *Warsaur*, stuns a herd or "rack" of *Duck-Pinned Dinos*.



At right, a bull *Corleonedon* and a pack of closely-related *Consigliosaurs* size up the territory of a sweet-toothed *Tyrannosaurus Pez*.

Below, a squadron of *Double-Dactyls* soar higgledy-iggledy above a reprimanded *Woolly Foulmouth* as a four-forked *Dinersaur* decides whether to add *Mezosaursaurus Ricks* to its blue armor plate special.



Flanked by flightless, witless, and, with the exception of their unique "earth rudders," pointless, *Hysteridactyls*, a giant *Eyesaur* (below), cleverly camouflages its colorful bulk with a tethered *Feathered Boa*.

BYE 6003

THE POINTER SISTERS



THAT'S A PLENTY



The Pointer Sisters' second album follows hot on the stacked heels of their first, which just turned 24K gold. Also shiny is the fan mail, making us suspect *That's a Plenty* will again change the color of Blue Thumb Records: "Top New Female Group"—*Record World 1973 Year End Poll*... "Instant dynamite"—*Newsweek*... "They scat as if they spoke it in the street"—*Rolling Stone*... "A musical cloudburst"—*Los Angeles Times*... "Finger-lickin' good"—*Women's Wear Daily*... "The Pointer Sisters... sing the hell out of just about anything"—*Playboy*... "Razzle-dazzle that brings out the soul"—*Christian Science Monitor*... "The Pointers' potential is unlimited"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Pointer Sisters can can, do do, and will will keep it happening,
on Blue Thumb Records and Ampex Tapes.

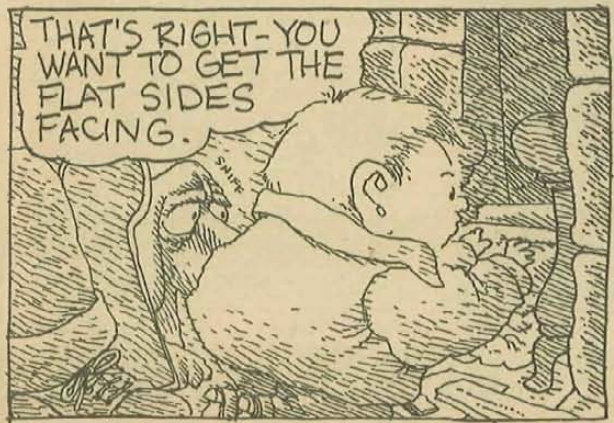
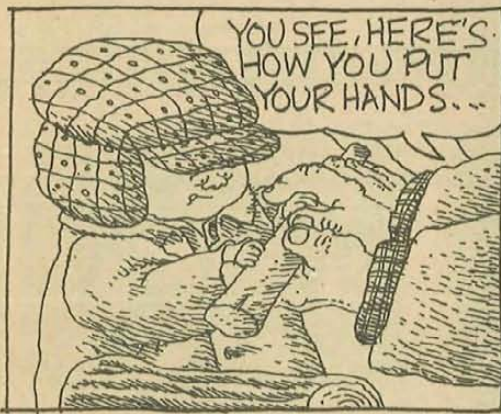
Produced by David Rubinson.

FUNNY PAGES

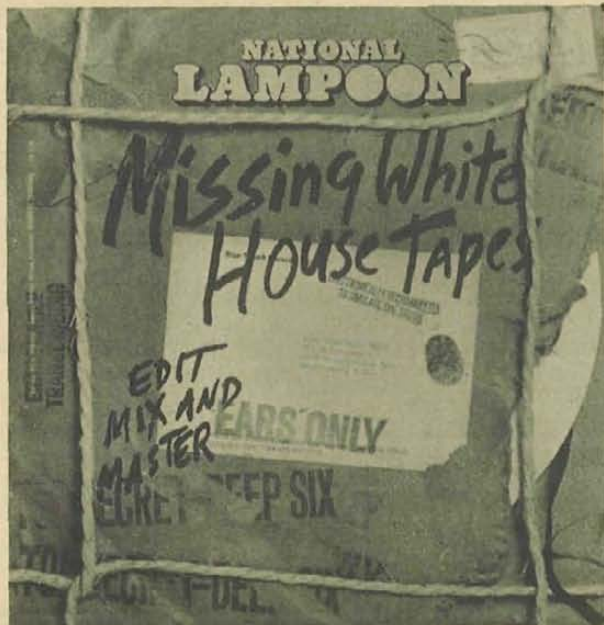


NUTS

REMEMBER HOW DIFFERENT REALLY OLD PEOPLE WERE FROM PEOPLE ONLY AS OLD AS YOUR PARENTS? AND HOW IT SEEMED TO BE EASIER FOR THEM TO TALK TO KIDS, AND YOU TO THEM?



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—The 37th President

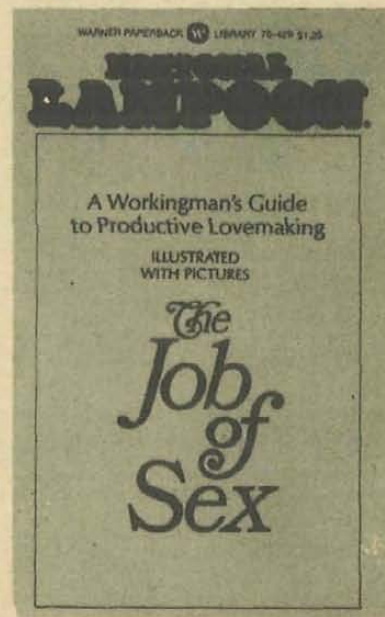
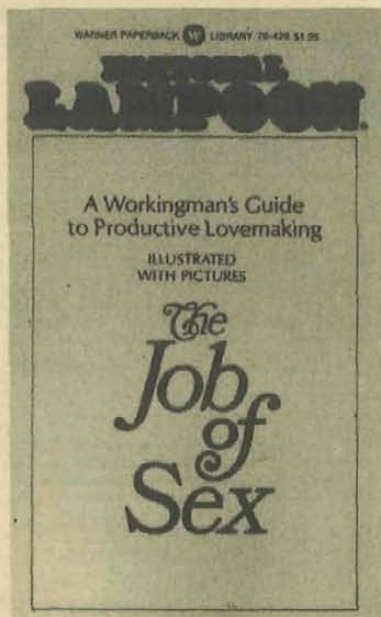
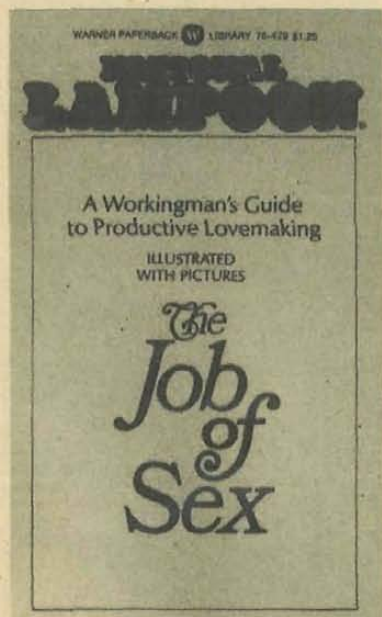
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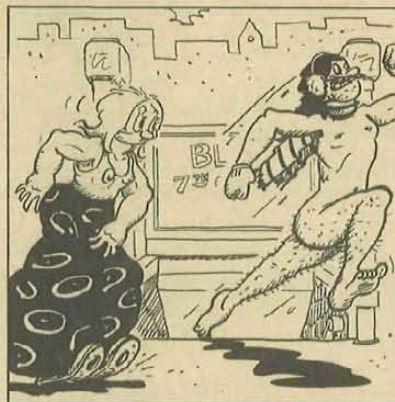
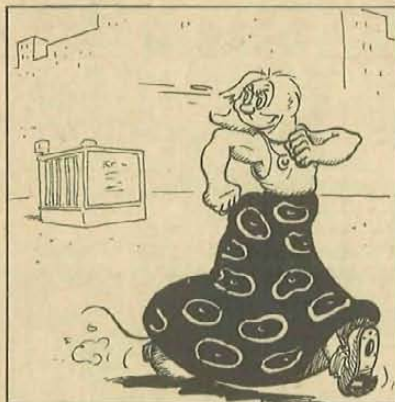
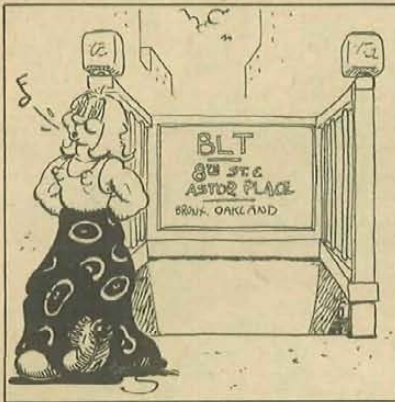
subsidiary of Famous Music, Inc.

The Job of Sex is now on sale...



but in a larger sense, aren't we all?

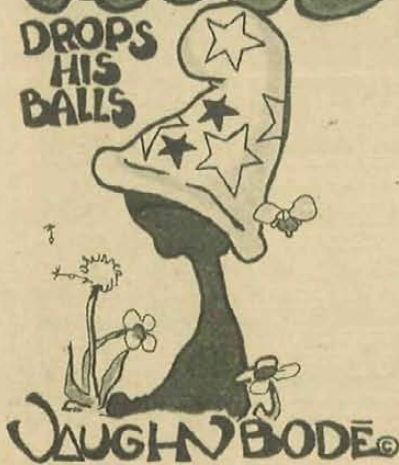
DIRTY DUCK



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GREEN WIZARD

DROPS HIS BALLS



SUKSUK SUN, IF WE BOTH ONE IN DA WHOLE. ALL, HOW COME I GOT TO POLE AN YOU GET TO GOOF?

GURU EARTHEY, AEROG DOES NOT WONDER THAT HE MUST EAT BUGS, HE DOES THAT BEST. SO, I READ, YOU POLE.

HAPPY BOAT WILL SIT HERE AN BE STILL.

YEAH, WELL, I'D TIE IT UP IF I WAS YOU, OR THERE GONNA BE ONE. GOOK MONK UP DA CREEK IF DA MESSIAH CHOOSE ONLY ME AS HIS DISCIPLE.



WHAT JO, SUKSUK SUN, DA CARTOON MESSIAH IS RIGHT HERE NOW! WE WILL HEAR HIS WORD AN HELP HIM DO THE GREAT WORK.

IT IS TOLD, HE HAS COME TO TEACH WAY TO LAUGHING LIGHT.

YES, GOOK BROTHER THO YOU ALL LOOK ALIKE, DA CARTOON MESSIAH WILL EVEN PROBABLY LET YOU WASH HIS FEET.

LO, I SEE HIM! THERE, IN THE CLEARING, IT IS THE CARTOON MESSIAH IN HOLY DISCOURSE!

HICCUP, PUSSY DIP, YOU GOT DA GREATEST TONGUE IN DA SWAMP. REMINDS ME OF DA TIME I WAS VIOLATED FOR 36 HOURS BY A RABID NYMPHOMANIAC BUBBLE-DANCER AN HER 3 TRAINED SEALS.



AN AMERICAN STORY A SAGA OF ORDINARY PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU

INTRODUCTION

SCENE: A FOUR-STORIED BUILDING ON A TYPICAL STREET IN YOUR CITY, U.S.A. THERE LIVES ARTHUR CHASE.



FORMERLY WITH THE DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, ARTHUR WAS IN CHARGE OF STARTING AND STOPPING THE AIR COMPRESSOR FOR THE JACKHAMMER BEFORE A RUPTURED AIR HOSE STRUCK HIM ON THE NECK.

ARTHUR COLLECTS WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND WEARS A 'THOMAS' COLLAR DAY AND NIGHT.

DORIS,



ARTHUR'S WIFE, THANKS TO CABLE TV, WATCHES 62 VHF/UHF CHANNELS 18 TO 22 HOURS A DAY WHILE THEIR DAUGHTER, CATHY,



17, OBESE, CROSSEYED, AND PREGNANT, PLAYS HER W.T. GRANT STEREO 24 HOURS A DAY. CATHY, PREVIOUSLY WITH 'BURGER CHIEF' LEFT THEIR EMPLOY TO GIVE BIRTH TO

JEREMY.



8 MONTHS OLD-A NOT TOO BRIGHT LAD, JEREMY SUCKS HIS ELBOW MOST OF THE TIME.



LUIS YÉPEZ BAYÓN, FATHER OF JEREMY, (HE DENIES IT) ONE OF THOSE PUERTO RICAN FELLOW LIVES IN THE SAME BUILDING WITH HIS MOTHER, RAMONA, AND HIS 'UNCLE' LARS.

RAMONA PLACENTA CASTRO CHUMEZ QUIJOTE BAYÓN



I.L.G.W.U. MEMBER AND STITCHER IN A EDDY'S JACKET SWEATSHOP, RAMONA TOOK IN HER UNEMPLOYED BROTHER, LARS RASMUSSEN



LARS, NOVA SCOTIAN BY BIRTH, HAS BAD TEETH AND PLAYS AROUND WITH

THEODORA RUZZO.



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RESIDENT OWNER OF THE BUILDING. THEODORA'S RENT IS PAID UP FOR AT LEAST 250 YEARS.

HERE ARE SOME OTHER INTERESTING INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE NO PART IN THIS STORY

FRED GESTE



FRED MOVED OUT OF THE BUILDING, WEST TO ALASKA HOPING TO MAKE BIG MONEY ON THE ALASKAN OIL PIPE LINE.

SAMUEL F.B. MORSE



SAM DELIVERS THE MAIL TO THE BUILDING.

MISS MILDRED TAYLOR



MILDRED WALKS HER DOG 'TOBY' BY THE BUILDING EVERY DAY. MILDRED, A BIT ECCENTRIC, DOESN'T REALIZE THAT 'TOBY' HAS BEEN DEAD FOR OVER TWO YEARS.

OSCAR SAMOORIAN



OSCAR, AN ARMENIAN GROCER, AROUND THE CORNER, HAS A WOOD STOVE IN THE BACK OF HIS STORE. WHEN THE STOVE GETS ROARING HOT, OSCAR URINATES ON IT.

ONE YEAR LATER

AND HERE ALMOST SIX MONTHS HAVE PASSED... TIME ENOUGH TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF STEVE'S MOST REPRESSED PSYCHO-SEXUAL FANTASIES, AS JILL ASKS...



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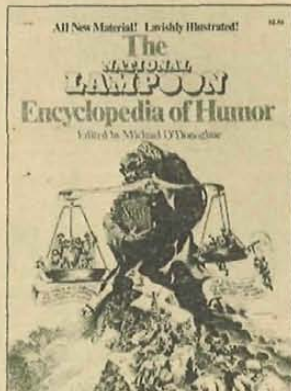


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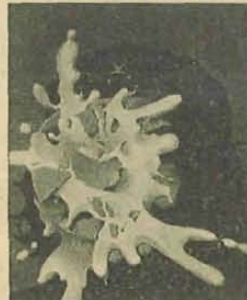
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APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 National Lampoon.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics, the Canadian Supplement, Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?, As the Monk Burns, Welfare Monopoly, and the CIA newsletter.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With Eloise at the Hotel Dixie, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is and How to Cook Your Daughter, and My Weekly Reader.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny, Ralph Nader, Public Eye, Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House, Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.

JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Sextraterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's Klík.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Cluu Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

FEBRUARY, 1973/SEXUAL FRUSTRATION: With Piddle, the Catholic Sex Manual, Porno for Women, the Palma Sutra, and Playmeat—Try a Little Tenderloin.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitdove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT? With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bal Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

JANUARY, 1974/ANIMALS: With *Pethouse*, *Popular Evolution*, The Attack of the Sizeable Beasts, Law of the Jungle, and Songs of the Humpback Whale.

FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX: With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographicum, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

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